TWOPENCE
Vol. LII.
1369.

GUINEA ENCYCLOPÆDIA offered to EVERY READER

JOHN BULL

A word to all good wives

When your husband is looking worn, fagged out, worried, listless, when he comes home night after night too tired to do anything but go to sleep, it only means one thing. He's taking too much out of himself. Perhaps he's working too hard or letting the difficulties of the times worry him too much.

Anyhow, there's one simple way to give him the new life and new vigour he needs, a way which doctors have been recommending for more than 50 years—get him a bottle of Wincarnis.

Persuade him to take a glass three times a day, one in the morning, one in the afternoon and another before he goes to bed. He will find it delicious. He will love its excellent bouquet and delicate aroma.

And its effect will be simply astounding. The very first night he will sleep better, so that he wakes up really refreshed, feeling fit and vigorous. In a day or two you will see his whole health improve. Soon he'll be his old self again, ready for anything.

Wincarnis is wonderful for run-down conditions. It actually creates rich, new, red blood, it soothes tired, irritable nerves and builds up new strength, vigour and vitality. And it does this in a perfectly natural way. It is not a drug to bring mere temporary relief at the cost of future trouble. The relief it brings is quick, but it is permanent, too, because it is the relief of health.

That is why doctors recommend Wincarnis for all sorts of run-down conditions. It is simply the purest of fine wines with all the valuable properties of 2½ lbs. of grapes to every bottle, combined with the strengthening elements of beef and guaranteed vitamin malt extracts.

Get a bottle of Wincarnis to-day. Any wine merchant, licensed grocer or chemist will tell you how good it is. 5/6 and 3/3 the bottle.

If you prefer to try a couple of glasses before you buy, send 4d. in stamps to cover postage to Coleman and Company, Ltd., Dept. 148, Wincarnis Works, Norwich.

WINCARNIS

THE WINE OF LIFE

Obtainable from all Wine Merchants, Licensed Chemists and Licensed Grocers. Price 5/6 and 3/3.

Have you tried Wincarnis Wine Jelly? Ask your grocer. It's delicious!

FOR SMALL TRADERS, SHOPKEEPERS.

MAKE MONEY.

COCHRANE & SONS help you to make money. Turkish Towels 3/11 per doz. Ladies' Art. Silk Hose, 8/11 doz. Genuine Tremola Shirts, 2 Collars 3/11 each. Boys' ribbed Jerseys, 12/- doz. Ladies' Overalls, 7/6 doz. Hundreds of Bargains in our Warehouse. Wholesale only. Quarter dozens supplied. Come and see us or write for Catalogue, post free.—COCHRANE & SONS, 1, THOMAS STREET, MANCHESTER.

PROFITABLE GOODS TO SELL in your spare time, every kind; good profits. 192-page Cat. free.—MAY (173), George St., Birmingham.

MAKE MONEY by selling our Lovely Ladies' Necklets, etc.; inexpensive; wonderful value; good profits; parties, free.—ORIENTAL NECKLET CO., 66, King Street, Huddersfield.

FREE ILLUSTRATED LIST for dealers and Beginners for keen lines in Drapery, Hosiery, Haberdashery (wholesale only).—LEVY BROS., Dept. A., 39, Houndsditch, LONDON, E.C.3.

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AGENTS WANTED (EITHER SEX) FOR THE MAGNIFICENT "IMPERIAL ART" SERIES, A DELIGHTFUL COLLECTION OF NEW DESIGNS AND NOVELTIES, INCLUDING CALENDARS, LETTER-RACK, BLOTTER, BOOK-MARK, ANIMAL STUDIES, SENTIMENTAL PICTURES, CHOICE NOTEPAPERS AND GREETING CARDS TO SUIT ALL TASTES. HIGHEST COMMISSION AND VALUABLE PRIZES GIVEN. DO NOT DELAY. WRITE FOR FREE SAMPLE BOOK AND EQUIPMENT TO LANCASTER PUBLISHING CO., DEPT. S., LANCASTER.

50/- BONUS and Commission paid on 20 weeks' Club. You can earn bigger money by becoming a "Britannic" Agent for 1/- weekly clubs. Commission paid weekly. Send P.C. for Catalogue, 208 pages, bedding, furniture, footwear, drapery, etc.—Britannic Household Supply Co., Ltd. (Dept. 90), Cheetwood Rd., Manchester.

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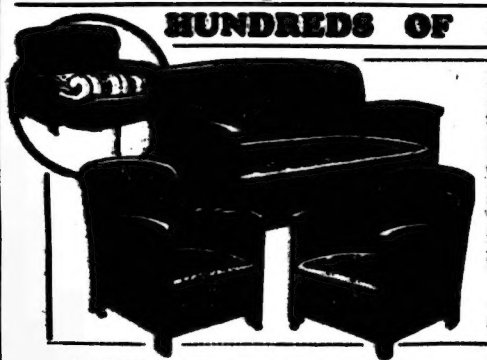

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YOU CAN MAKE MONEY with our private Christmas card book. Highest com.; nothing to buy; post free; no experience.—London Card Co., Dept. B., 5, Little Sutton Street, London, E.C.1.

WANTED!!! 3,000 AGENTS.
To obtain members for
BRITAIN'S BEST XMAS CLUBS.
GENEROUS COMMISSIONS PAID.
Chocs, Toffees, Xmas Novelties, Cigs., etc. No outlay. Cat. free.—Write, Marret Confectionery Co., 385, Corn Exchange Bldgs., Manchester.

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BETTER PROSPECTS FOR THE MAN WITH BACKBONE AND GRIT who trains to be a Travelling Salesman. Suitable men accepted by Wallace Attwood for training by post in their spare time. Attwood-trained men, without previous experience "on the road," now earning their £400, £500 and even up to four figures p.a. Write for 24-page booklet, "The Profession of Salesmanship," free. The Wallace Attwood College, 26T, Bedford Row, London, W.C.1. ('Phone: Chancery 7526.)

MOTOR DRIVERS — COMMERCIAL and PRIVATE positions. The finest PRACTICAL training to standard R.A.C. Certificate at the lowest inclusive fee. Day or evening FREE employment Dept. CALL (9-7) or write, THE BRITISH SCHOOL OF MOTORING, 5, COVENTRY ST., PICCADILLY CIRCUS, W. (Corner Rupert Street, next Lyons' Corner House).

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HANDBILLS, 5,000, 7/6. Billheads, 1,000 4/6, Hand-written Posters, 4 colours, 3d. sq. ft.—DICKINSON BROS., 37, Moorfields, LIVERPOOL.

LET THE MACHINE that makes money earn pounds for you! Send for details of the Adana machine shown at top of page 3.

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WALLPAPER DIRECT from 2½d. per roll. Send for patterns, post free.—WEST RIDING WALLPAPER CO., 52, TRINITY ST., LEEDS.

WOOLS. Sale. Rug, 8d. Cable 1/3. Thrums 9d. lb. Silky 1d. oz. Sports 11d. 800 spls. Free.—Scotia Wools, 158, New Bridge St., Newcl-Tyne.

LADIES' Stockings at Wholesale prices. Silk and Art. Silk. 6 pairs assorted, 10s. Particulars on receipt of Post Card.—E.B.G., 4, Regent Street, London. Agents wanted.

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CELEBRATED SPARE TIME
AGENCY

BOOTS, Gent's and Ladies' Clothing, Suits, Coats, Costumes and Underwear, Carpets, Lino, Drapery, Gramophones, Bicycles, Jewellery, Watches, Clocks, China, Toys, Baby Carriages, etc.
Men in regular employment appointed as Agents.
Largest stock in the trade. Liberal supply of samples. Highest Commission Paid. *Illustrated Coloured Catalogue.*
NO OUTLAY. ALL PROFIT. *Enquiries for Agency Invited.*
LAVENDER HILL, LONDON.

BABY'S BEAUTIFUL LONG CLOTHES 30/-. 75 Home-made garments. Worth £5. Hand-made Shawl, Robes, Day Gowns, Flannels, Terry Nankins, Vests, Barras, Warm Nighties, Wool Coats, etc., etc. Everything complete and ready for use. Purchasers state "That materials alone would cost them more." Expectant Mothers, send 2/- for parcel on appro. (Real cash or terms.)—Mrs. J. HOWARD, 66, DOVER RD., PORTSMOUTH.

FOR HOME CONSTRUCTION AND REPAIRS. Timber, Hardware, Wallpaper, Paint, etc. Bargain Prices. List free.—Direct Service, 440, Cromwell House, London, W.C.1.

SOLVE your lighting problems by writing to Aladdin Industries, Ltd., 284, Aladdin Bldgs., Greenford, Middx., for free Cat. showing variety of styles, colours and shades, and parties, of the Super-Aladdin Lamps. See p. 27.

A PERFECT shave without a razor. Send for a sample of "Snow," the marvellous discovery. Fill in coupon in the advt. on p. 29.

BUY your ring direct from Makers. Write for free Cat. to Northern Goldsmiths' Co. Advert. appears on p. 29.

DRAGE'S offer a £10 bonus during September. Fill in the free coupon on p. 23 for full parties, and the Drage Way Book.

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GRAMOPHONES & Radiograms. How to make cheaply. Motors 7/6, Kits, parts. Repairs. 64-pp. ill. drawings 3d. Regentbuil,120,OldSt.,Ldn.EC1.

FILL in the coupon in the "Ekco" advt. on p. 25. It will bring an interesting booklet and full particulars of "Ekco" Radio products.

A CRANE Piano for 12/6 down. See p. 26. Free Cat. No. 62 brings full parties.

FREE.—Wonderful illus. cat. of Fidelitone Gramophones and Radio-Gramophone Models, on easy terms. Write for Cat. now while you think of it. Address will be found in advert. on p. 26.

MARKETING BY POST.

TEA. Small Quantities at Wholesale Prices. Good blends from 9d. lb. carr. pd. Free samps.—Portway Tea Co., 72, Portway, London, E.15.

TEA, Wholesale. Special 2/- Tea. Wonderful Value, 4 lb. 5/3, 10 lb. 12/6, 20 lb. 25s. Samps. & Carr. Free.—Direct, 162/4, Roman Rd., BOW, E.3.

INDIAN-CEYLON Tea, 8½d. lb. in 60 lb. chests; 20 lb. 15s. 6d. Carr. pd. Samps free.—John West & Co., Dept. A.22, 11, Fenchurch St., E.C.3.

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HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Genuine Remedy, proved by testimonials. — Write, The Stanley Institute (J.B.), 21, Warwick Lane, E.C.4.

WORMS CURED.—Artico Brand Worm Tablets are a specialist's Positive and Permanent Cure. They cure most violent cases by calmly removing the very cause of the worm's existence. No fasting, dieting, no interference with daily habits. Send 1/6 for generous supply, or 1½d. stamp for Free Pamphlet.—Ridyard Tablet Co., 34-36, Codnor, Derby.

DON'T WEAR A TRUSS. Use Brooks Rupture Appliance. New Discovery. Wonderful; no lumpy pads, no springs, durable, cheap. Binds and draws parts together quickly. Sent on trial. Catalogues free.—Address: Brooks Appliance Co., Ltd. (483G.), 80, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.

BLADDER WEAKNESS. Kidney Trouble, etc., cured by Parker's Fluid Remedy, 1/3, 2/-, 4/6, etc., or Parker's Remedy, Ltd., Liverpool. Stamp.

RANKIN'S HEAD OINTMENT is a safe and quick way of banishing all head pests. At the same time it adds lustre to the hair and improves its growth. Thousands of families have proved its effectiveness during the past 30 years. Sold in boxes, 4d. and 8d., from all good Chemists, or by post, 5½d. and 9½d. RANKIN & CO., DEPT. "G," KILMARNOCK, SCOTLAND.

FILES relieved instantly by the Wonderful Hemosol Treatment. No ointment, medicine or appliance. Send 1½d. stamp for FREE booklet on this remarkable discovery.—Hemosol Laboratories, 1, Ramsden Road, London, S.W.12.

A GUARANTEED RUPTURE APPLIANCE FOR 10s., is offered by London Surgical Co, on page 16.

SLEEP.—Certain, safe, pleasant remedy for sleeplessness. Instantly induces healthy sleep with no ill-effects. Non-poisonous. No drugs, harmless.—Sent for 1/6 (post 2d.).—Money back if not entirely satisfied. Details Free.—Wm. J. Penn, 682, Holloway Road, London, N.19.

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DUKE'S JELLIED ALMONDS.
You can't stop eating them.
Must be DUKE'S.

FREE.—£13 prizes.—£50 first prize and hundreds of other cash prizes are offered by the proprietors of "Diploma" Cheese for the best last line to the Limerick in the advt. on p. 23. Closing Date, Friday, September 16, 1932.

FREE.—Accept the free offer of "Bondman" Tobacco on p. 25. Simply write to Richard Lloyd & Sons, 23, Clerkenwell Rd., London, E.C.1. A p.c. will do. Mention *John Bull*. Get your sample now!

WRITE for the free "Sun-Maid" Recipe Booklet to Dept. J.B.11, Producers' Internatl. Sales Association, Ltd., 59, Eastcheap, London, E.C.3. See page 21.

BABY-CLOTHES

CHARMING HOME-MADE LONG or SHORT CLOTHES LAYETTE

30/-

(Everything necessary and ready for use.) 75 beautiful garments (for Winter or Summer Baby), Silk and Wool Shawl, Bath, Robes, Lawn or Winceyette Gowns, Cloaks, Flan. or Winceyette Nighties, Wrapper Vests, Bath Flannels, Hand-knitted Wool Matinee Coats, Binders, Feeders, Turk Napkins, etc. Avoid inferior imitations. Satisfaction guaranteed. SEND 2/- for parcel on approval (Real cash or terms.) MRS. J. B. HOWARD, 66, Dover Rd., Portsmouth.

IMPORTANT! PLEASE NOTE!—No suggested free gifts offered. Everything included. Good testimonials prove it the best bargain.

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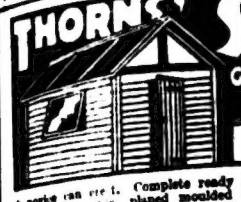

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A screw can erect. Complete ready for use. 6 sections to bolt together. Sin. planed moulded weatherboards. Planed framing. Roofing felt. Useful for storage, cycles, workshops, etc. Prompt despatch on first payment. Balance monthly if satisfied. Delivery to door can be arranged anywhere.

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Carr. Paid. Send for Special Sale Catalogue, No. 66, of Garages, Aviaries, Huts, etc., showing huge reductions. Over 1,500 sizes and designs.

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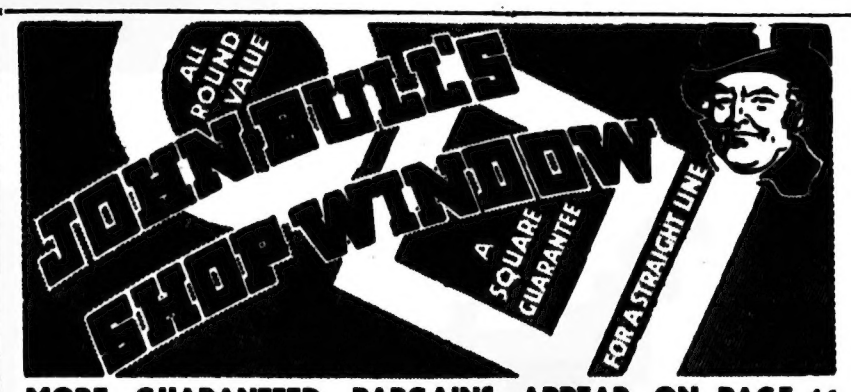

MORE GUARANTEED BARGAINS APPEAR ON PAGE 16

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Start a Profitable Business Printing for local Tradesmen, Cinema Proprietors, etc. There is a Huge Weekly Demand for Printed Material which you could easily produce in your Spare Time. My Wonderful All-Steel Adana Machine prints anything from a Chemist's Label to an Illustrated Magazine. Special Easy Payment Terms. Send for Free details and Samples of actual work produced.

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FREE 2 PAIRS MEN'S HOSE to advertise our Catalogue.

Guaranteed brand New, soundly constructed goods, all leather, black fully chromed uppers, extremely pliable for tender feet. Double leather soles, screwed and stitched, plain fronts or cap, double tongue. Suitable for town or country wear. Sizes 6-13, 8/-. *Postage 9d.* Rubber Soles and Heels 1/- extra. Also Super ARMY BOOTS 8/6, post 9d. *C.O.D. if preferred. Satisfaction guaranteed.* Estab. 22 years.

8/-

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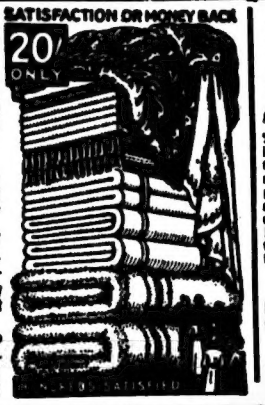

2 Woolly Blankets	80x70
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2 White Pillow Slips	32x18
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1 Art. Bedspread	80x60
2 Coloured Turkish Towels	
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All Double Bed Size. *British made goods for service and value direct from our mill.*

CARR. FREE. 20/- CASH or C.O.D.

or single bed size 18/- FREE GIFT of lovely WARMER DOWN QUILT sent with each Sale.

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PATON MILL Co., Dept. B.B Paton St., MANCHESTER

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for MEN and WOMEN

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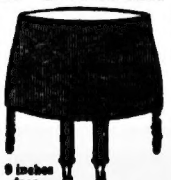

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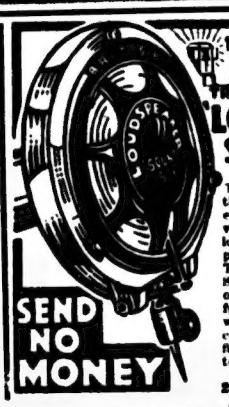

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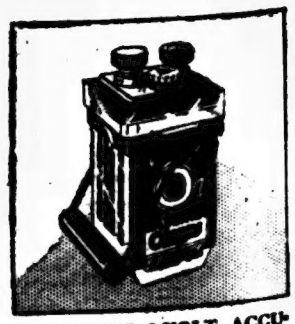

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NUDISTS we don't LIKE

"They are forgetting that they must keep on their side of the hedge"

NUDISM is an ugly word. But it stands for a good thing when practised within reasonable limits, no matter what the prudes may say.

Unfortunately, like many other good things in this world, it is being spoilt by the cranks and undesirables it all too readily attracts.

We see no harm in clean-minded people taking up this form of open-air health culture, as to-day they are doing all over the country in growing numbers. They, in fact, no doubt derive a great deal of pleasure and benefit from it.

But the evils attending the practice are obvious. They have already brought a reaction against the cult on the Continent, where it has been much more widespread that it is in this country.

Reaction will come here, too, just as inevitably as it has done abroad, unless the cult is kept within proper bounds.

Given an inch of liberty, some of our nudists are taking a yard. They are forgetting that they must keep on their side of the hedge!

After all, they represent a very small minority of the population, and the opinions and susceptibilities of the clothed majority have, to say the least, as much right to be considered as those of the comparative few who have decided against wearing clothes.

By all means let our nudists seek health from the sun to their heart's content within proper privacy and seclusion. But let them not parade themselves within sight of the unconverted public.

We hold no brief for Mrs. Grundy, but the tyranny of the crank nudist could easily become as bad as the tyranny of Mrs. Grundy. For once, in fact, those in authority have a justifiable cause for showing a little of the spirit of that old lady.

They should, for one thing, keep a watchful eye, without further delay, on certain nudist organisations which have lately sprung into existence in this country. A number are of a type we certainly don't like.

Their members are in many cases sham nudists, whose ideal is anything but the development of a vigorous and healthy race through the medium of a laudable Back-to-Nature movement.

In Germany and other Continental countries, where nudists were until recently given practically a free hand, the cult was exploited so extensively by undesirables that it became the cloak for organised and profitable vice and for the operations of the blackmailer.

No wonder that in Germany the reaction has come.

It is because we do not want to see the genuine benefits of this new cultural system destroyed by a similar reaction in this country that we sound a warning against so-called nudist organisations like the International Sun Bathing and Back-to-Nature movement.

THIS is a one-man show, controlled by an unsavoury individual named Walter Potter.

When Potter, who has lately had many addresses and has just found new headquarters in West London, first began nudist activities, his ambitions were treated as a joke. But he has so deluged the country with his questionable appeals for money and members that he is known to have formed a very big following.

In turn a street match-seller and bookmaker's clerk before he was convicted of blackmail, he will only interview prospective members on condition that they pay a fee in advance and strip naked when they enter his house. He allows his clients "completely to sink their identity" by using false names, and his strictly private dancing lessons in the nude are guaranteed, he says, to banish hesitancy.

It is ridiculous to suppose that health culture is likely to be advanced by a man like Potter. He would quickly be put out of business if the Post Office used its powers to deny him, and his like, facilities for the distribution of the mass of grossly offensive literature which brings them clients and profits.

Our grounds for objecting to a nudist colony established near Welwyn, in Hertfordshire is a different one, and it applies to several nudist colonies which have recently sprung up in various parts of the country.

We don't like these, however sincere they may be, because we think their nakedness is too obtrusive.

THE colony near Welwyn is one of twelve similar mysterious groups which have recently appeared in remote woodlands—three in the region of Brighton and Hove, two in the Cotswolds, and others in Herefordshire, Hampshire, and adjoining counties.

A strange mixed company of from fifty to a hundred men and women may be seen assembling any day in this Hertford woodland. Some arrive in motor-cars and others walk to the colony from a railway station two miles away. All undress together in two derelict motor omnibuses.

The members of this colony have no regard for the fact that they can be seen in their nudity from outside the wood, and they are seemingly indifferent to the annoyance this causes to the non-nudist residents in the neighbourhood.

Parties of children are regularly brought to the colony and, with all their clothing removed, are made to mix with the naked adults.

People may well say "Why don't the police intervene?" But the police have no power to interfere with the affairs of strange organisations of this kind so long as they are conducted in privately-owned enclosures. Our laws relating to public decency were framed at a time when nobody thought of nudism, let alone its abuse.

The authority of the police and local councils in this matter should be strengthened right away, both for the sake of public decency and for the protection of wholesome-minded nudists who don't want to lose their liberties because of the excesses of the cranks and the incursion into their ranks of undesirables.

We are glad to know that a number of Chief Constables of counties are about to urge the Home Secretary to grant the police greater powers.

We hope he does so.

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER . . .

Teachers Stirred by "John Bull" Article

Landlordism at its Worst

Needless Peril in the Pits

TEACHERS in elementary schools received a shock last week when they read in JOHN BULL of the Lunacy Board of Control's impudent demand for powers to comb out backward children and put them away in asylums as mental defectives.

We expected that the school authorities would not take this monstrous proposal lying down.

Best boy certifiable!

Their attitude is typified by a teacher in a school in the South Wales coalfield who has twelve backward children in her class.

"Believe me, dear Board of Control," she writes. "they are twelve dear children who are far from being defective.

"Eleven of them are proficient in at least one side of school work.

"One of them, that the Board of Control would doom as M.D., is a fine pianist.

"My best boy, a good 100 per cent. all-round scholar, suffers from fits—which would also doom him under Board of Control standards.

"There is not one backward child in a thousand who can be genuinely put into an asylum as mentally defective."

The blunt truth

There you have the blunt truth, that wants ramming into the heads of the Lunacy Bosses.

It is truth, too, from the best quarter. For if anyone is qualified to judge whether a child is mentally deficient or not, it is the teacher who year in and year out has charge of its mental training.

He should know

Another correspondent says a teacher in a so-called mental deficiency school assured him that the term "mental defective" is a gross libel on the children there, most of whom are definitely normal!

They must save them

"Let the teachers' weekly journals help JOHN BULL in its campaign against the tyranny of the Board of Control," pleads one writer.

We hope they will. The teachers must save the children from a living death. They must not be overawed by officious "welfare workers" and Board of Control hirelings.

Not good enough

Building societies have reduced their borrowing rates—but to new clients only.

Frankly, this is not enough. The Bank rate is lower now than for many years, and the 800,000 house-buyers who helped to make the building societies prosperous should share in the reduction.

We suggest they form a protection association to press their just demands.

Another subsidy

Farmers will get at least four million pounds, under the quota scheme, for this harvest's wheat crop

A farmer who sells his crop at a good price may—because of the subsidy—make £2 10s. a quarter, though the average free market price be no more than 26s.

This is certainly a good thing for the farmers.

But, needless to say, the public will pay the difference.

Needless perils

Mr. Isaac Foot, the Minister for Mines, is trying to make the pits safer.

He made it plain during his recent visit to the coalfields that he wants a more thorough searching of men before they go down the mines

There have been cases lately of matches and cigarettes being taken down. Last year five men lost their lives because of this.

The offenders forget that they endanger their fellow-workers' lives as well as their own.

Guilty of housing his sick mother, so the new landlordism orders him out

Fairplay

We don't think Germany is wise in demanding the right to arm, but its case is unanswerable.

The other Great Powers have failed to fulfil their pledge to disarm. They have recently declared that aeroplanes, tanks and heavy guns are not aggressive. So, says Germany, they must be defensive weapons and essential for her safety.

The best way out, to our mind, is for the nations to ignore their technical experts who want to keep their jobs. Then we may get disarmament.

Plain duty

The Government is to do nothing about the "tied cottage" scandal.

So the farm labourer will still be liable to be turned into the street if he leaves or loses his job.

The excuse is that the committee which recently enquired into the subject couldn't agree.

The Government's duty is plain. It must see that more houses are built in rural areas.

Then the displaced men need not go homeless.

Sitting tight

France is angry. It fears that Mr. Montagu Norman has made a secret pact with United States bankers to make France disgorge its gold hoard to help trade recovery.

And France wants to hold tightly to its gold.

But we remember how French bankers helped to drain Britain of its small gold reserves. So France's squeals leave us cold.

Death to bogus clubs

A Bill is being drafted for the next session of Parliament that will aim at tightening up the registration of clubs, which at present is a mere formality.

This follows our recent note on clubs formed for the sole purpose of providing drinks to members.

There have been many Bills designed to deal with undesirable clubs. Let's hope this one will really meet the problem and be speedily passed.

The new landlordism

The tenant of a Canterbury council house was visited by his mother, who had been ordered to Kent because of her health.

The council objected that relatives were taboo in its houses, and the mayor advised the tenant to write a letter of explanation.

But this didn't satisfy the mayor's colleagues. They haled the unlucky tenant into the police court, and though he gave an undertaking that his mother would leave within a week, he has got to quit his home.

Now you understand why we said recently that the harshest landlords were certain local councils.

There's a reason

By preferring a baby car to a baby and pram, the modern young woman is shirking her job. The latest to say so is the Rev. William Younger, President of the Primitive Methodists.

No doubt it is true. But if parenthood cost less, and more young people had jobs, there would be more inducement to bring children into the world.

Samaritan police

An ex-convict who attended the funeral at Hull of Detective-Superintendent Howgate, said: "He gave me my chance to become a man."

There are many such acts of humanity on the part of the police of which we never hear. We are glad to record this testimony.

Common honesty

A man named Collundell, tramping Kent in search of work, had only twopence in his pocket when he found a wallet containing £6.

He went to Tonbridge police station and handed it to Inspector Blundell. The owner was found and the finder rewarded

A nice little human story—spoiled by Inspector Blundell, who said it was a "case in a million."

The temptation to keep the money may have been great, but thousands of workless men would have acted as honestly as Collundell did.

Hot and cold

Just another word to Mr. Dummett, the Marlborough Street magistrate.

We pointed out last week that he was too angry to pass sentence on a man who ran away with Leslie Henson's car, and adjourned the case until he felt cooler.

Since then the defendant has appeared in court again, and was once more remanded because Mr. Dummett was away at another court.

Now, dammit, Mr. Dummett, if you can't pass sentence when you are hot you ought to be ready to do it when you are cold.

The man really had a right to know what you proposed to do with him.

Political poser

A financial return of candidates' expenses at the last General Election shows that on the average each vote cost sevenpence.

So here is a pleasant little week-end problem for you: If you were offered sevenpence to have your vote back and change it, would you accept?

Football ramp

Football enthusiasts are complaining bitterly. And no wonder!

The Arsenal, for instance, has built a new stand over a huge part of the old shilling enclosure—chiefly with the profits made on the shilling tickets—and now charges *two* shillings for a position underneath the stand.

This is most emphatically the wrong way to restore prosperity to the game.

Why worry?

Thomas Ridley, of Peckham, was found gassed in his bed.

His wife said the poor fellow never laughed and never saw a joke. His nephew said that the dead man always looked for trouble and everything troubled him.

Let the tragic figure of Thomas Ridley be a lesson to us all. If he hadn't decided to be miserable he might have been happy.

We know that things are pretty tough; but—"Never trouble trouble till trouble troubles you."

On pleasure bent

Three young men went to Margate to enjoy themselves. One had recently been paid £1,500 for the loss of a leg, and was anxious to spend it.

They began by throwing a beer bottle at a policeman, a second went through the window of a house, a third was thrown at a nursing home, and a fourth struck a car.

For the next two months they will be confined in a place where beer bottles are unobtainable. Which is a good thing for Margate.

Birds of passage

Radio dealers are the latest victims of an old trick.

A well-dressed woman asks for a day's trial of a wireless set at her home. When the agent calls next day, he finds that the woman has left—with the set—having booked a furnished room just for one night.

The "M2" scandal

We wish to say that through inadvertence we referred to the parents of the late Engine-room Artificer Edward Jackson in our recent article on "The Treatment of the Dependents of Submarine 'M2,'" and stated that nothing had been done for them by the authorities. It has been pointed out to us that Jackson's parents neither asked for nor require any compensation

We are glad to give publicity to the correction, and apologise to Mr. and Mrs. Jackson for any annoyance the paragraph in question may have caused them.

Both ways

If you can name racehorses that lose, you can make money. In fact, the National Turf Credit Federation, of 2, Little Sussex Place, London, W., offers to pay 100 to 1 if you can name six losers in one day.

It sounds very nice, but complaints regarding this curious firm have been showered upon us—and we have previously warned readers against the scheme. Not only horses lose.

The Speed-Lines are Coming!

—A Prophecy by KAYE DON

who wrote this article just before he went to the United States to compete against Gar Wood in the British International Trophy speed-boat races

"WHAT is the use of it all? Why do it? You'll only end by breaking your neck!"

I am often asked those questions with just that attendant prophecy by people who manage to convey to me the impression that they are so exasperated by my apparent foolishness that it would not be a bad thing on the whole if the prophecy did come true, just for once, just to show me, so to speak!

I agree. On the face of it, the whole business of breaking records, either on land, sea, or in the air, must seem supremely foolish to people who have never stopped to consider what practical end is served by such apparent risk of life and limb.

Well, here is the answer. We owe practically every improvement in the modern motor-car to the lessons learned on the racing-track. —four-wheel brakes, balloon tyres, splinter-proof glass, better road holding, the lower centre of gravity, smaller engines, more power for less weight and less fuel consumption.

All these inestimable benefits to the everyday motorist have been conferred upon him as the direct results of the experience in new designs gained on the racing-tracks of the world.

So it will shortly be with the marine transport of the future. The speed-boat races and record runs of to-day are the testing-shops and laboratories in which the fast trans-oceanic ships of the future are being born. A great revival in shipping design is on the way.

I do not think I exaggerate when I say that shipbuilding design has virtually stood still for twenty years in one great essential—speed.

LOOK at the twenty-two-year-old *Mauretania*, and then at the super-modern *Bremen*. The difference in speed between the old boat and the new is a mere fraction of time on the Atlantic crossing. Is that progress?

To-day, when time, more than ever before, means money, the shipping of the world crawls across the ocean at the same rate at which our fathers were content to travel.

True, we have discovered how to install luxurious Pompeian swimming-pools, new designs in marble saloons, sunbathing decks, beauty parlours and cocktail bars of quite too ravishing decoration—what a stride forward!

However, thanks to Lord Wakefield, whose far-sighted patriotism has made it possible for this country to enter seriously into the speed-boat world, this state of affairs will, one hopes, soon be ended.

Only a few years ago we did not even know the meaning of real speed on water. Our naval designers were practically the only people who gave the matter any thought.

Meanwhile, in the United States, millions of dollars were being spent on research. Speed-boats were as common a sight as motor-cars. The whole nation was water-speed minded.

And that state of mind takes a little getting used to at first. To travel fast on water is a far more hair-raising experience for the average person than to travel fast on land. For one thing, speed on water *seems* so much faster than the same speed in a motor-car.

Forty miles an hour across a lake would seem far more thrilling to the ordinary person than a hundred miles an hour on land.

And now we are approaching the day when we shall cross oceans at a mile a minute!

I can reveal that tentative negotiations have already been entered into by a famous French shipping company for a supply of British power-boats to operate a regular South Atlantic service between the coast of North Africa and that of Brazil.

Although this scheme is not yet a certainty, the details have been worked out almost to the last jot. The boats will probably be 120 ft. long, engined with 4,000 brake horse-power, capable of carrying 120 people at an average speed of 60 m.p.h., will burn 120 gallons of petrol an hour, and cost £10 an hour to run, in fuel alone.

It is estimated that they would be able to cross the South Atlantic in fifty hours at a total fuel bill of £500 for the trip. If the fares were charged at the rate of £50 per passenger, each trip would, in theory, show a profit of about £5,000!

In actual practice it would not be so much. For example, one would have to allow depreciation at the rate of about £7,500 per annum on each boat, the initial cost of which has been stated to be probably £24,000. Then insurance would absorb about 12 per cent. per annum, another £2,000 a year.

On top of all this, the owners would have an annual wage bill of, say, £2,000 on the following basis:

	£	
Captain	400	per annum
Chief engineer	400	"
Three other engineers at £300...	900	"
Two seamen at £125 per annum	250	"
	£1,950	"

Of course, the immediate objection which will be raised to this Utopian scheme is the cry that no speed-boat could live in the Atlantic.

WHAT will happen to a 120-ft. boat going at a mile a minute when it meets a 90-ft. wave? Will it just jump off the top of the wave into the next one and do a graceful dive to the bottom? Or will it sit gracefully on its tail and hop from wave-crest to wave-crest?

The answer is that 90-ft. waves are the speciality of the North Atlantic. The South Atlantic, possibly owing to the refining influence of Madeira, does not commonly behave like that.

In any case, it is easily possible to build a 120-ft. speed-boat to-day which, at a mile a minute, will sit down in the water on a straight keel and forbear to indulge in those marine pole-squatting exhibitions, which so many people wrongly imagine are the only way in which a boat can travel at speed.

If any more evidence were needed as to the practicability of some such scheme eventually becoming an everyday means of transport, it is only necessary to reflect that even at this moment naval experts are engaged at Portsmouth in trying to work out a scheme of revised hull design for destroyers of the *Ambuscade* type, by which the experts say it will be possible for those destroyers, which now travel at 44 m.p.h., to travel at 60 m.p.h.—with the same engine power!

Those experiments, I hear, are largely based on the design of *Miss England*, Lord Wakefield's first speed-boat, in which Sir Henry Segrave put up such a gallant and magnificent show.

Hull design is, after all, the main consideration in the attainment of higher water speeds. The ships of the past—and most of those of the present—were built to travel *through* the water. Consequently they wasted most of their power in pushing the water in front of them and aside.

THE speed-boat of the present and the ship of the future is, and will be, designed to skim *over* the water, keeping just enough draught to maintain its stability and give it steerage.

Consequently, it can travel twice or three times as fast as the old-fashioned boat, with exactly the same amount of power and engine weight. Obviously, there cannot be the slightest doubt that we shall eventually adopt the new design for all fast transport purposes.

But how far it will be possible to progress beyond the limit of 120 ft. in length—which at present seems to be arbitrary—is more than I, as an infant in these matters, can say.

Meanwhile, we are on the verge of learning a great deal more concerning the problem of how to build smaller engines which will give greater power output. I do not wish to be technical, but a few simple comparisons may serve as object-lessons.

The lightest engine in the world at present is the Schneider Trophy engine. It weighs only three-quarters of a pound per horse power! Think of it. But that, of course, is a freak engine, good only for a freak performance.

The Napier Lion engine, such as Sir Malcolm Campbell fitted in the *Blue Bird*, weighs 1,400 lb. for 500 h.p., approximately 2½ lb. per h.p. It is actually the lightest reliable engine in the world for utility purposes. There is a marine engine which weighs 7½ lb. per h.p., and that is probably the lightest in its class.

But, sooner or later, the Diesel will probably overcome its defects, and then we shall see a new era of engines, an end of petrol and—return trips to America at £50 for a long week-end! I wonder. . . .

John Bull's Astounding Revelations of the Drug Evil in our Midst

Brenda Dean Paul, prominent figure in the most sensational drug case the country has known

Mrs. Eloira Barney was shocked by the news of her friend Mrs. Gamble's tragic end

DOPE SLAVES

TWO years have elapsed since the authorities at Scotland Yard announced so confidently that the drug traffic, so far as this country was concerned, had been definitely cleaned up.

But if the public imagines that the menace is quite ended, it is sadly mistaken. A vast traffic still goes on, though it has been driven underground.

It is true that the tightened police restrictions have greatly curbed the activities of certain criminals who indulged in dope-peddling; but a new phase of the evil is rapidly developing in society.

The authorities cannot plead ignorance, for the Home Office has a long list of suspected addicts, that would appal the public could it be seen, for it includes a number of well-known names.

The traffickers find their most profitable market to-day among degenerate members of the so-called smart set—people who have too much money and too much leisure, and who waste their lives in sounding every new sensation that offers.

Countless wealthy young men and women who have first turned to drug-taking in sheer boredom, or for "a lark," are now complete slaves to the habit.

So widespread has this evil become that it can only be stamped out by concerted action on the part of the police of England, France and Belgium—the principal countries involved.

The recent suicide of the Mayfair beauty, "Babette" Gamble, upon whom an inquest was held only last week, typifies the appalling agony of mind to which these society slaves are reduced by drugs.

Their days of sparkling elation are few and fleeting. There comes a dread reaction in which vitality is sapped and health and looks are lost; then pain and an unbearable craving that can only be appeased by greater indulgence, until, nerve-shattered and demoralised, they seek relief in death.

The tragedy of "Babette" Gamble is but one of many attributable solely to this new drug menace, and in this, the first of a series of exclusive articles on the problem, we propose to reveal some inner facts of the life she led.

While it will be necessary to tell of her sufferings and the evil she did, we can also tell of good she achieved, for though unable to help herself, she was often solicitous for the welfare of others and would strive valiantly on their behalf while steadily sinking herself.

Mystery woman

"Babette" Gamble entered society circles suddenly, just after the war, and because of her retiring disposition became regarded as a "mystery woman" from the first.

No one seemed to know where she had come from, but, established in a luxurious apartment in Curzon Street, Mayfair, she began to entertain lavishly, and for a time enjoyed the friendship of many exclusive people. She earned a reputation, too, of being one of the best-dressed women in society.

So secretive was she about her past that nobody at the inquest could give details of her earlier career, or the source of her income, which was known to have ceased.

Even her own mother, who is in humble circumstances, and who rarely saw her daughter, could not say where her wedding had taken place.

Actually, she was married in great style in 1919 at St. James' Church, Piccadilly, W., but she and her husband separated soon after because of her mode of life.

But she was so beautiful and witty that she never lacked wealthy followers in the days before she became one of society's drug slaves.

Among her earlier admirers was a young American millionaire, who first met her at a villa she then owned at Monte Carlo.

He was a constant visitor at her Riviera and Mayfair homes, and made her an annual allowance of £15,000.

This enabled her to establish herself more firmly than ever as a society beauty.

Superintendent Horwell investigated a former attempted suicide by this society dope addict

She had two expensive cars, a retinue of servants, and attended important society functions, generally enjoying a life of luxury and ease.

The statement that has been published to the effect that she was a drug addict for eighteen years is quite untrue. She was only thirty-seven at the time of her tragic death, and began taking drugs six years ago in secret to relieve a painful internal malady.

As is inevitable in the case of a woman leading a self-indulgent life, she found the after effects of drug-taking insupportable, and so a regular habit was quickly formed.

Noted for her impressive eyes and wonderful complexion, the effects of drugs at first seemed only to make her more radiant and to give an added lustre to her eyes. But soon terrible ravages set in, her complexion suffered, her eyes became dull and glazed and her features gradually assumed a puffiness that could only be concealed by the most skilful make-up.

The worst blow fell about three years ago when her American admirer left her.

With the cessation of her generous income the position she had attained in society was threatened, and in desperation she turned more than ever to drugs for consolation.

Mayfair scandal

Then she became involved as the central figure of a dreadful scandal in Mayfair, which was only hushed up with difficulty.

A man who is well known in society discovered that his son, a university student, had become infatuated with the beautiful Mrs. Gamble and was actually making her a regular allowance.

When this was stopped it was found that the woman, sinking lower than she had ever done before, was recklessly obtaining goods in the father's name.

A famous West End firm, from whom she obtained expensive apparel, sent the account on her instructions to the young man's father, and threatened to prosecute her when it was returned as unauthorised.

Mrs. Gamble, in turn, threatened to reveal the whole sordid story of the son's double life unless the father paid the bill.

The police were called in and she would have been arrested on charges of fraud but for a sudden decision of the father to settle in order to spare innocent people pain.

Gradually the golden butterfly of former years shed her lustre and charm; no more expensive limousines stood at her door; she could no longer reign as a queen of fashion or maintain her original luxurious flat.

And daily her craving for drugs was growing stronger.

Now her diminished wealth made her plight all the harder. So long as she had unlimited money at her command the obtaining of the desired drugs had been comparatively simple.

She had often travelled to Paris, Brussels or Nice to pick up supplies, as well as patronising an exclusive secret source in this country that is favoured by many wealthy society slaves, about which we shall say more later.

But a past good customer has no entry without the golden key, so Mrs. Gamble found herself with greater needs but less opportunity for satisfying her demands.

Her condition at times was terrible in the extreme.

Often she would spend hours lying, head in hands, whimpering pitifully, enduring excruciating agonies; and drugs now served only to produce a state of semi-coma.

In her desperate search for relief she drifted into society's worst drug circle and now became known to international police.

After her last drug-seeking trip to the Continent the Brussels police got into touch with Scotland Yard regarding credit swindles and unpaid hotel bills on the Continent.

Notorious company

Enquiries were set afoot and it was then discovered that she was forging prescriptions in the names of London doctors in her frantic desire to keep up her supplies.

She was now consorting with any other addicts whose plight was as desperate as her own, and debts were mounting up on all sides to testify to

"The tragedy of 'Babette' Gamble is but one of many attributable to the new dope menace"

# of SOCIETY

her reckless endeavour to maintain some outward show of respectability.

But no clothes or cosmetics, however costly, could counteract the ravages that were now apparent for every eye to see.

At times she mixed with the set that has received considerable notoriety since the disclosures which followed the tragic death of Michael Scott Stephen.

She was, in fact a friend of Elvira Barney, and at one time, too, an associate of a notorious drug-taker who has figured in several sordid drug cases.

But gradually she shrank from all friends and made her first attempt to end her life. Taking a room at the Park Lane Hotel she accumulated the dregs of all her remaining drugs—heroin, allonal, morphine, chloroform and cocaine—and swallowed the lot!

That she did not die then is a miracle, for she was removed to St. Stephen's Hospital in a terrible condition.

When detectives, under Superintendent Horwell, of Scotland Yard, searched her room they found bitter farewell letters such as the one left behind in her last and fatal attempt on her life, blaming her American admirer for her downfall.

Jesting at death

The room was strewn, too, with boxes of syringes, empty phials, tablets, capsules and pawn-tickets. A search also unearthed letters showing that she had been in a nursing home at Wrexham in a futile endeavour to get cured of her craving, and there were long lists of names and addresses relating to drug transactions over a long period.

After enduring appalling agony she began to recover, and when interviewed by detectives jestingly said: "I thought I had made a certainty of it this time . . . might have been better if I'd put my head in a gas-oven. . . .

"But that's such a housemaidish way of going out!"

She was removed to Holloway Jail, a travesty of her former self. Though her features retained some suggestion of their original beauty, her body was found to be covered with needle pricks, some of which had turned septic and developed into spreading sores through the use of unsterilised syringes.

For her defence

Notorious drug addicts thronged the court when she appeared on the charge of attempting to take her own life, and a more sickening crowd can rarely have assembled.

One, a man named Johnston, who was there, raised money from several of her friends to pay for the defence.

An addict of the worst type, he made a ghastly picture, but his intervention reveals a certain freemasonry among the slaves of the needle.

He is one of the unfortunate people whom Mrs. Gamble helped in her palmy days, for she was always generous when she had money and made frequent grants to drug victims in the hope that it would help them to break the habit that she knew was wrecking her own life.

Bound over on this occasion, she left the court with a friend named Melville, who has figured in at least one sordid dope case and who was then her intimate friend.

Although Mrs. Gamble promised to reform and to live quietly with her mother, she almost immediately resumed her old habits, even stooping to blackmail.

Now her associates were the worst addicts, and included a woman who distinguished herself by remaining in a state of coma for six days and nights following self-injections of heroin, and who only recovered after a serious operation had been performed.

Another of her companions was a woman who tried to take her life, but who failed on her first attempt, as Mrs. Gamble did.

In the end, drifting lower and lower, her fascination and charm gone, her brain in turmoil, forgotten by former admirers and overwhelmed by debt, she flung herself to her death in the way now known.

So great was her craving for drugs at the last that she would wait all night outside a chemist's counting the hours till the morrow when a prescription—given to save her from dying—would become valid.

She has been seen, too, giving part of her permitted supply away to fellow-addicts who had lent her some previously to tide her over a desperate waiting period.

As we have said, tragic "Babette" Gamble is but one of many victims of this new drug evil; there must inevitably be other tragedies unless some drastic action is quickly taken.

Punish them!

Something must be done for these society drug slaves, and the harpies who batten on their weakness and wax rich by meeting their demands must be sternly dealt with.

No punishment can be too severe for such inhuman fiends as those who encompass the ruin and degradation of others by keeping them supplied with dangerous drugs.

The profits to be made by this nauseating traffic are, as is well known, immense, and if the present boom is allowed to continue unchecked the traffickers will be encouraged to increase their markets.

There are, unhappily, too many ghouls who are ready to help in this direction by introducing bored and wealthy young people to the alleged delights of dope, and we have shown how impossible it is for the victim to shake off the habit once it has been firmly established.

The organisation for the distribution of dope being international in scope, all possible resources must be marshalled if the new evil is to be successfully combated.

But in their investigations into cases like that of Mrs. Gamble, the police must have amassed a great deal of information relating to the movement of the more persistent dope fiends, and if only this information can be followed up, regardless of expense, the worst offenders should soon be laid by the heels.

Next week we shall have a lot to say about these traffickers, showing how they work in league with agents here and abroad to defeat the law.

Interest has been focused on Half-Moon Street, the fashionable street near Piccadilly, since Mrs. Gamble met her death there

TO EVERY READER—

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HANNEN SWAFFER'S Open Letter to JUNE

What a SHOW-UP —for YOU!

MY DEAR LADY INVERCLYDE (June).—That is how, time after time, they describe you in print, not quite sure, apparently, which you are, or which is the more, or the less, important. Anyway, we all owe you a deep debt of gratitude, for you have told us a lot about both the stage and the peerage at the same time.

When a Sunday journal paid you £2,000 to write "The Whole Story," as you call it, you gave it more than value for its money. You exposed everything.

People tried to stop you. But you would have none of them. People of whom you were writing wrote in and complained. But it still went on.

You typed it out yourself, said friends, in your dressing-room, and you were proud of it. What did it matter if Scottish aristocracy felt ashamed?

* * *

You would prove what lots of people knew before, that a so-called star was more important than any old peer, or young peer. The rank was but the half-guinea stamp. An actress was an actress, for all that!

Now I, as a dramatic critic, must confess that, although I have probably seen you on the stage in a dozen shows, I could not tell you the name of one play you were in, one song you sang, one thing you did, or one dance you danced.

To me, your personality never meant anything. Indeed, when last they pointed you out in the Savoy Grill Room, I did not recognise you.

I knew your father. He used to act for the Asches. To you, all is ashes.

"Fancy having to start rehearsing all over again . . ." you said, according to yourself, when you were at the top of what is called your career. "Think out new numbers . . . learn new lines . . . be fitted for new costumes . . . go up to Birmingham and Manchester and Glasgow . . . play every night and rehearse all day." Fancy your important self having to be bored with things like that—new numbers and new clothes . . . and Glasgow!

"Then why not give it up," said Lord Inverclyde, "and marry me."

So you condescended—and married him. After all, he had come into £2,000,000. He had a castle and a great position.

And yet when you walked into Pont Street to marry him, you say, your brother told you he could feel your "poor heart beating wildly, like a poor little trapped rabbit."

Well, having eaten the bait, you soon got rid of the trap.

Before long there were nullity proceedings in London, and divorce proceedings in Reno. Then they said you were going to marry somebody else. And you started to tell all about it—*everything* — and all for £2,000.

"The Honeymoon — Why My Marriage Failed," you sold, in a headline. "We Ought To Have Been Happy," became the twopenceworth, by Lady Inverclyde (June) next week. Then "I Leave My Home and Lord Inverclyde" was followed by "The Terrible Aftermath of My Bid for Freedom."

Dear me!

And behind it all was the background of Hollywood and film stars, and all the silly people of Jazzland and Filmdom.

Do you not think, Lady Inverclyde (June), that you are one of the very lucky ones of the earth? You rose from obscurity. You married an earl, who, doubtless would never have noticed you had you not been upon the over-paragraphed stage.

You were able, as his wife, to dine, as you say, with the Duke and Duchess of York, and drive round Scotland in a Rolls-Royce—all merely because, in an age of the triumph of Never Mind over Doesn't Matter, you have a thin little voice and can dance a bit.

Yet nothing seems to satisfy you. You are typical of our age.

Years ago, when actresses married peers — and there have been quite a lot of them — sometimes they had a lot to put up with.

They had taken on responsibilities and they knew it was their duty to make the best of things. Some of them remembered the obscurity, yes, the poverty, of their youth, and realised even being bored in a castle was better than that.

But you belong to another age, a frank one. You see no merit in a castle just because it is old, or in ivy merely because it clings, or in coronets merely because they are gilt.

* * *

I doubt very much whether—after reading your disclosures about yourself—another young earl will risk his future, as Lord Inverclyde did.

You are so very fond of publicity, you see.

Its value I never can understand because, even after all the publicity of your marriage, and divorce, and your talked-of remarriage, and then your exposure, in many pages of print, about it, "Fanfare," in which you appeared, ran only a few weeks, you know.

Still, it must please you to see your family squabbles so well displayed in a Sunday newspaper.

"The Poor Little Rich Girl" was always a popular character in servant-girl fiction—you know, the poor little thing who, like you, had everything, but had nothing. What she wanted was just Love.

I do hope, dear June, the right man will come along soon. Then you can tell us some more about it.

I am very glad I am not to be the man, anyway.

Hannen Swaffer

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS

LORD MELCHETT,
Smith Square, London, S.W.

DEAR SIR,—I'm glad to hear that so great an industrialist as yourself believes that we shall soon distribute goods more sanely, so that trade slumps and unemployment will be avoided.

If, as you say, economic pressure will force the organisation of a United States of Europe within fifty years, we may also stamp out the terror of war.

But I hope we shall not have to wait fifty years before war and unemployment are abolished. Let's get a move on now!

JOHN BULL.

Mr. CHARLES CHAPLIN,
Los Angeles, U.S.A.

DEAR CHARLIE,—I admire your efforts to prevent your two small sons from being turned into child actors.

They should, as you say, be allowed to live the normal, happy lives of children which you were denied in your youth.

You had to walk the stage while yet a boy because of your poverty, but your genius has made your children well-to-do. The attempt to exploit them, therefore, is just a disgraceful publicity stunt.

JOHN BULL.

LORD WAKEFIELD,
Hythe, Kent

DEAR LORD WAKEFIELD,—No one has done more than yourself to encourage the development of British transport on land, sea, or in the air.

So you were not misunderstood when you dissuaded J. A. Mollison from attempting a return flight across the Atlantic because of bad weather and the state of his health.

Besides, that flight has been done several times. And we don't want stunt flights.

JOHN BULL.

B.B.C. GOVERNORS: Glad you've raised ban on political talks. But don't plan them too far ahead, or they'll be out of date like most other radio talks. —JOHN BULL.

Canon S. A. ALEXANDER,
St. Paul's Cathedral

DEAR CANON,—You have no objection, you say, to women attending St. Paul's without hats, even during divine service.

I welcome this notable concession, and I trust its lesson will not be wasted on the Aldershot magistrate who so violently rebuked a hatless woman witness the other day.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. A. J. MACDONALD,
Falmouth Harbour

DEAR MAC,—In a few days' time you and your four young companions—one still in his teens—will leave for the West Indies in a trawler you have reconditioned yourselves.

In trying to "escape from civilisation and seek adventure" you are disproving Sir Eric Geddes' recent pessimistic dictum that the spirit of adventure is dying.

But I prefer those young men who try, not to escape from civilisation, but to improve it.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. HAY HALKETT,
Metropolitan Police Magistrate

DEAR SIR,—You fined a woman the other day for employing a man at less than the minimum wage.

Then you said that Trade Board minimum wage regulations appealed to a low form of human nature, and invited despicable conduct on the part of the worker!

This, sir, is not quite fair. If there were no unscrupulous employers, such regulations would not be necessary—and sweating would be unknown.

JOHN BULL.

The TRAMWAYS MANAGER,
London County Council

DEAR SIR,—So the truth is out. Lorry drivers who transport L.C.C. tickets and fare money are armed with loaded revolvers.

Casualties to date: One driver accidentally shot and another had a narrow escape.

Honestly, is it worth it? The man with a gun is a danger to himself and other people, be he a bandit or a law-abiding citizen.

JOHN BULL.

ALDERMAN D. E. DAVIES,
Chairman, Aberdare Council

DEAR SIR,—Not before it is time, your council has applied for authority to borrow £14,000 to renew water mains.

At the enquiry one of your councillors said he had been a schoolmaster at Cwndare for thirty years, and for all that time the school—and, indeed, the whole village—had been without water from early morning till four in the afternoon.

What a disgrace!

JOHN BULL.

ALFRED LLEWELLYN GRIFFITHS,
Roxborough Park, Harrow

GRIFFITHS,—You tried to save a few pence on your railway fare by using the wrong ticket. When you were stopped you gave a false name and address.

After the summonses were served you twice asked for an adjournment and then failed to appear.

They fined you £4 and ordered you to pay £26 costs. It should be a lesson to you and other mean tricksters of your type.

JOHN BULL.

Rev. H. B. WATTS,
Shildon, Durham

DEAR VICAR,—Some people will probably bemoan that you are taking liberties with your church services. Let them.

You act as a link with employers all over the country, reading out vacancies during your services and receiving applications.

I notice you do not lack congregations. I'm not surprised.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. W. L. HICHENS: It would pay shipowners to scrap all ships fifteen years old and build new ones, you say. And, because of the work that would result, it would certainly pay the country. —JOHN BULL.

The Blood-Rusted KEY

IS Science the enemy of Man or his friend?

Even the scientists are beginning to doubt the answer, as the presidential address of Sir Albert Ewing at the British Association shows. He seems to ask, as many less learned people are asking, whether man's vast conquest over matter is a curse or a blessing.

That conquest, slowly prepared through the ages, has come at last, in the lifetime of those of us who are still not old, with the suddenness and impetus of a cyclone. Things which would have been unthinkable to our fathers, much more our grandfathers, are the commonplace of our daily life

We fly the air at a speed and range that leave the swiftest bird out-distanced. We touch a gadget and talk as familiarly to Uncle John in New York or Cape Town as if he were sitting on the other side of the table. We touch another gadget and listen to a band in Vienna or a speech at the other side of the world.

We send great battleships hurtling under the seas, and fire a shell with such precision that it will blow a cathedral to fragments twenty miles away. We make machines that will produce motor-cars as rapidly as we can shell peas from a pod.

Everything has become so mechanised that human labour is at a discount.

One man by touching a button can do the work of ten men, a score of men, even a hundred men. Science, with its inventions and its chemistry, has made everything—corn, rubber, cotton, all the raw material of life—so cheap that we ought all to be wallowing in satisfied abundance.

Paradise, if—

A hundred years ago Malthus was filling the world with panic at the idea that population was outstripping the power of the earth to feed it. To-day, with a population five times as great, the world has such a surfeit of supplies that it has to burn them, as the American has burned his corn, or use them for fuel, as the Brazilian has used his coffee.

If our forefathers could have foreseen the accomplishments of all these miracles of Science, they would have envied us. They would have conceived this happy generation living in an earthly Paradise with nothing to do and an abundance of everything for everybody.

Hunger would be banished and the burden of labour would be transferred to the machine. Industrialism would be humanised and wars would be a thing of the past, for with plenty for everybody there would be nothing to fight about.

Machine's tyranny

And instead what do we see? A happy, contented world, basking in the sunshine of Science, counting its blessings and singing hosannas to the British Association?

Far from it. The world was never less like the Garden of Eden than it is to-day. It has just emerged from the greatest war in history and is feverishly preparing for the next. The whole structure of society has collapsed and national bankruptcy is universal. The machine has thrust millions out of work and beggared the rich without enriching the poor.

Revolution and unrest overspread the earth and unemployment on a scale never before experienced hangs like a pall over every land.

Science has not stopped war. It has only intensified the horrors of war beyond the imagination of the past. We skim the air like birds—in order to drop bombs on defenceless cities. Science sends its submarines like leviathans through the sunless deep—in order to sink the ships that float above.

Science creates the machine and increases a hundredfold the productivity of mankind, and the result is a world strewn with industrial wreckage—thousands of banks broken here, millions of unemployed everywhere. Even that insane struggle in which Lancashire is seen rushing to catastrophe springs from a vain revolt against the cold, passionless logic of the machine.

In the face of all this we may be forgiven for asking whether Science has been a curse or a blessing to mankind.

It has shattered our faith and our superstitions without supplying us with a *raison d'être* which makes life intelligible or worth living. It has dethroned man and exalted the machine until man seems only the slave of the instrument of his own creation. He becomes more and more insignificant before the monster he has made.

The Russians, who have come late and suddenly into the blaze of Science, have deified the machine and see. to find in it a sufficient substitute both for religion and political freedom. But they will soon emerge from that infantile credulity and will find that they cannot fill their belly or satisfy their soul with a mechanistic idol.

Is man losing his identity in the machine?

Is Science Really Our Enemy?

ASKS

A.G.GARDINER

Is it a monster?

We have made the discovery already, and are wondering whether the *deus ex machina* is not a devil after all—whether Science has not invented for us a Frankenstein monster which is destined to bring more evil than good to his creator.

That would be a devastating conclusion to reach. If it were accepted there would be only two courses to pursue. We should either have to repudiate Science and smash the machine, or we should have to admit that life was a grim and meaningless jest that ought to be hooted off the stage.

And as we cannot repudiate Science or smash the machine we should have no refuge but disillusion and despair.

But I don't think that alternative is thrust upon us. I don't believe, in spite of all the equivocal results of Science, that its achievements can ultimately subserve anything but the good of mankind.

Fault is ours

It is not the fault of Science that those achievements have so often been turned to evil uses. It is not the fault of the machine that its power of lifting the burden of labour from the backs of men has brought affliction upon them.

The fault is not with Science and the machine. It is with ourselves. Perhaps I ought to say the misfortune is with ourselves.

Our moral, political and social development has not kept pace with the giant strides of scientific discovery. Science has put in our hands an instrument which we are not yet sufficiently instructed to use. It has given us a mastery over material things that properly exercised should enrich and benefit the whole human family.

But we do not know how to exploit the benefactions of Science They have come upon us with such suddenness that we have not yet adjusted ourselves to their meaning.

And the convulsion of the war in stimulating Science and checking the moral and political growth of mankind has widened the gulf between the two. We have abused Science instead of using it wisely.

The true key

Human society is passing through the greatest transition in its history. Science has brought a new secular world order to birth, and we have not yet adapted ourselves to it, either internationally or nationally. We are trying to "open the Future's portals with the Past's blood-rusted key." And the key will not work. Hence the chaos that has fallen upon civilisation.

But the true key will be found. Then Science will be justified and the machine will cease to be the tyrant of man and will become his obedient servant.

NOT FROM THE B.B.C.—*Brigadier-General Lushington on*—

Those HATLESS Hussies

A SOLDIER of the King am I,
But when there are no wars to fight
And in debilitating peace
The land lies lapped, I do not cease
To battle bravely for the right;
For then I seek to pull my weight
By sitting as a magistrate.

Before my stern and martial mien
Delinquents quail in abject fear;
My best parade-ground manner I
Bring to the cases that I try
And when I'm on the Bench all hear
Throughout the courthouse, boom on boom,
The accents of the barrack-room.

Salute! Salaam! Let none forget
The deference that's due to me!
I fear no foe of either sex,
And if by chance a girl should vex
Me, let her tremble! Quickly she—
A butterfly upon the wheel—
My military might will feel!

There is at least one young woman who, I imagine, is now licking her wounds and regretting her effrontery in braving the majesty of the Law and the might of the Army as personified in me.

This misguided young person, called to give evidence at Aldershot Police Court when I was chairman of the Bench, entered the witness-box with her head uncovered.

"Do you possess such a thing as a hat?" I asked her. "Let me tell you this is the first time any woman has appeared before me wearing no hat. It is a most disreputable proceeding. I hope you are thoroughly ashamed of yourself."

I doubt, however, if a sense of shame would be an attribute of a female capable of such degraded behaviour. I blushed purple at the sight of the hussy!

It is high time that we lawgivers and warriors of the bulldog breed took action to deal with these insidious attempts to undermine the Constitution; and I am glad to see that a brother magistrate refused to allow the oath to be administered to a female who appeared before him with her head naked.

After all, what reliance can be placed on the word of a woman when she is not wearing a hat?

I am aware that some judges insist upon female witnesses removing their headgear so that they can study their expression; but I would rather be bamboozled by a barefaced liar than have my sense of decorum shocked by a bare-headed female witness.

As for the anonymous hussy who wrote the doggerel I am about to read, if I could discover her identity she would be court-martialled forthwith and would thus learn something about Brass Hats.

What shall we do with our hats?
If one at the playhouse we wear
We're condemned as unmannerly cats;
In church, though, no head must be bare.
In court some stern judges suppose
That a hat means we've something to hide;
While J.P.s snort hard through the nose
When the hair of our heads is espied.

Can it be that the bald are annoyed
By the sight of our hair? Is this why
Their hats are so often employed
To talk through? I know not; but I
Gravely doubt if the largest of hats
That a seaside photographer sees
Could accommodate half of the bats
In the belfries of comic J.P.s!

RUINED—by a Police Bungle

TRIAL HELD WEEK TOO SOON

Victim of a most extraordinary series of official blundering—Ernest Robert Ayres

MISTAKES by the police which ruin the reputation and livelihood of a citizen should be paid for.

Nowadays blundering of this kind is too often glossed over and any effort to obtain reparation is generally treated with official scorn.

We should be erring on the side of leniency, however, if we described the case we disclose here merely as a mistake. It reveals as ghastly a piece of bungling as could be conceived.

The man who has suffered cruelly as a result of it is Mr. Ernest Robert Ayres, of Wilton Mews, Victoria, London, who has been a chauffeur for twenty-five years and for long served the late Lord Birkenhead in that capacity. Since then his engagements have been found for him by the Automobile Association and the Royal Automobile Club.

This year his employer has been a wealthy Indian merchant on holiday in Britain, who had arranged to take him abroad.

When he returned to his lodgings one day recently, Ayres found awaiting him three summonses issued at the instance of the Buckinghamshire police.

The complete alibi

One summons alleged that two weeks previously Ayres had driven a motor-car to the danger of the public along the London-Oxford road at Gerrards Cross, another that he had driven without consideration for other road users, and a third that he did not stop when required by a constable in uniform.

He had to answer these charges at Beaconsfield Police Court seventeen days later.

On the date of the supposed offences Ayres certainly passed along this main road twice, taking his employer to a golf course at Denham in the morning and bringing him back to London in the evening.

But his defence—if it had been heard—was a complete alibi.

At the time Ayres was alleged to have committed the offences—4 p.m.—and for long before and after it, he was, he declares, waiting to pick up his employer, and the car was garaged in High Wycombe.

There were at least six witnesses ready to prove this and testify that he was in that town at the time.

His theory was that the police had taken the registration numbers of different cars, including his, and had confused them when reporting one which had been driven dangerously and failed to stop.

But we are much less concerned with the merits of the case than we are with the amazing events which followed the serving of the summonses.

While waiting for the police court proceedings Ayres received anonymously by post in London a copy of a weekly newspaper with a passage marked.

Condemned unheard

It was a full report of the trial and conviction at Beaconsfield Police Court four days previously of a chauffeur charged with similar offences to those of which he was accused.

And the convicted man, who, it was stated, did not appear in court, was himself!

His case had been tried and he had been found guilty and sentenced *a week before the date upon which he had been summoned to appear before the magistrates.*

Any idea in Ayres' mind that he was the victim of a practical joke was quickly dispelled. By the next post he received from the Clerk to the Justices a document headed "Police *v.* Yourself," notifying him of his conviction in his absence and demanding the immediate payment of £7 17s. in fines and the production of his driving licence for endorsement.

The first principle of British justice is that an accused person shall have an opportunity to defend himself and that his trial can only take place on an appointed date, of which he must be notified.

Two aspects of this farcical trial deserve special attention.

One is that the police dropped the gravest charge against Ayres—that of dangerous driving.

Yet the summons on this charge was endorsed at the top with the caution to Ayres—"Take notice that upon the hearing of this summons your *personal appearance is imperative.*"

Then why was Ayres' appearance on the day of the wrongful trial of so little consequence that not only was the usual arrest warrant not applied for when he failed to appear, but the chief accusation against him was not even proceeded with?

The other disturbing feature of this absurd affair is that the police, according to the newspaper accounts of the trial, declared that Ayres did not stop when ordered to do so, but *was stopped* when a telephone message was circulated.

No more damning evidence than this could have been given against a man, being improperly tried in his absence, whose sole defence, if he had been heard, would have been that he was never stopped and that there had been confusion in the identification of his car.

Ayres, of course, placed the extraordinary facts before the Home Office, and on the representation of that department to the justices he was informed that the magistrates who had convicted him had agreed to regard the proceedings as a nullity.

Then came a really magnanimous announcement. It was that the kindly justices had also agreed that *no steps should be taken to enforce the penalties!*

A clerical error!

And, it was added, the explanation of the astonishing events was "somewhat involved," but might be attributed to a clerical error!

It must certainly have been an astounding clerical error to have resulted in the police having their case—with their witnesses brought from long distances—ready for presentation a week before the time.

This injustice to an innocent man was bad enough. But worse was to follow.

While the trial was pending Ayres' employer left this country for abroad. Ayres was to have accompanied him, and his foreign driving licences had been obtained and plans completed for the journey.

Naturally the Indian merchant cancelled his chauffeur's engagement when he learned that the police were demanding Ayres' appearance in court as "imperative" on a date subsequent to the departure.

So Ayres lost his job. He cannot obtain unemployment benefit and he is practically destitute.

There has been ample opportunity for the police to announce in court that a terrible mistake was made and to offer some public explanation of the facts behind it, so that Ayres' virtual acquittal could receive the same publicity as did his amazing conviction.

They have done nothing.

Ayres' pleas for compensation for his wrongful conviction and his consequent loss and suffering have been contemptuously rejected.

He may starve from want of employment caused by official ineptitude of the worst kind, but officialdom cares not a whit.

HOMELY WISDOM

by Canon R. J. Campbell, D.D.

Foolish FEUDS

A FRIEND of mine has just popped in to see me for a few moments on his way home. He is a lively sort of person, with a considerable interest in his fellow-creatures.

As he entered the door he said: "I have been to the funeral of a man I have known all my life, a very decent fellow, kind-hearted and always good company, but the most quarrelsome chap I have ever had to do with. He was never happy unless he had a scrap on hand, and he really enjoyed it.

"He would almost bite your head off for the smallest thing he disliked, and you never quite knew what he would or would not dislike. If he has gone to heaven he has already started a rumpus in the golden streets."

My friend's whimsicality amused me, but it has also set me thinking about the troubles some people bring on themselves or make worse by irritability and touchiness.

They actually invite strife by being ever ready to resent affronts. They imagine slights where none are intended, or they think others are trying to take advantage of them when there is no ground for the suspicion. They will fan a spark of difference into a roaring flame rather than give way on the smallest point or lose the chance of arguing an opponent down.

Passing along the street one night, I heard two men talking behind me. What the subject of conversation was I neither knew nor wanted to know, but I could not help hearing one recounting to the other his side of a furious public-house wrangle in which he had played a leading part. Over and over again I could catch the words "I said" and "He said."

* * *

Apparently he thought he had been very clever in the smart replies he had given to the taunts of his adversary, but probably that adversary believed with equal certainty that he had won in the contest of wits. Both would be positive that they were in the right.

Fending and proving, as it is popularly called, never settled anything yet and never will. As St. Francis of Sales once said, "It is futile to dispute with an angry man; for what angry man ever believed himself in the wrong?"

People don't reason; they feel. Import bad temper into an argument, and you have lost it. You put the other man's back up and forfeit the sympathy of bystanders, too.

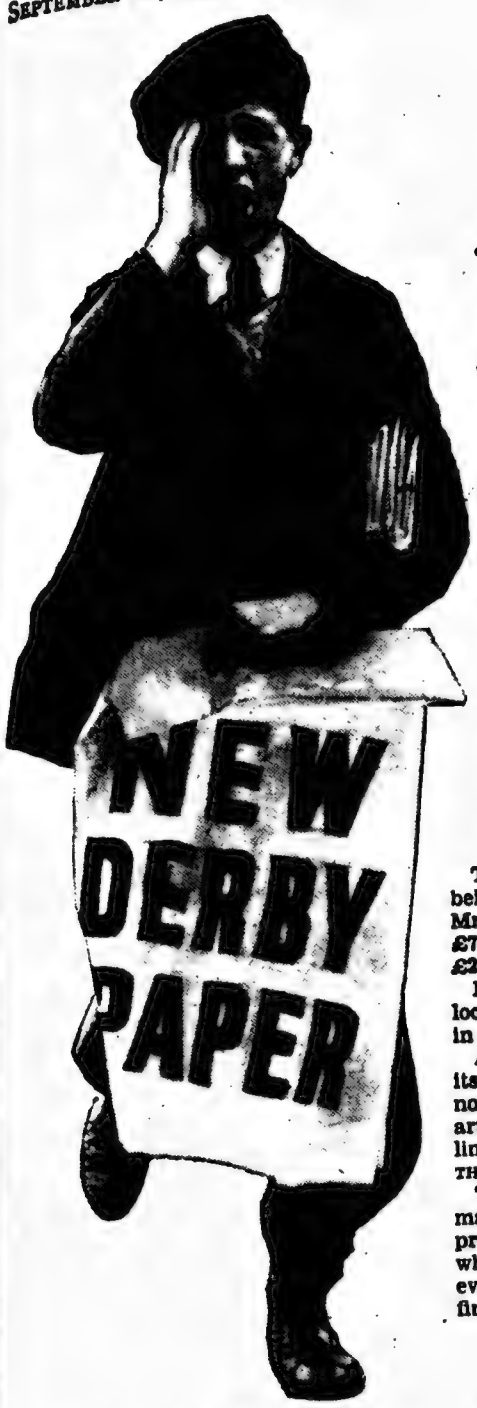
On the other hand, if you are careful to maintain the English virtue of good humour, the result is more likely to be in your favour. It is not easy for the surliest or most malignant enemy to say or do cruel things to one who meets him in a kindly spirit.

[redacted] I say with the full knowledge that there are treacherous persons in the world who will try to impose upon you whatever you do, and these are apt to mistake amiability for weakness. And there are plenty of malicious ones who will endeavour to wheedle themselves into your confidence and then betray it.

And there are scandal-mongers who practise the well-known trick of saying an evil thing to you about someone else and then going away and repeating it as your statement.

Watch out for these. Lock the door on them; they are best avoided. But if ever you are forced, in justice to yourself or others, to face them with the truth, do it calmly as well as fearlessly. And whatever the immediate outcome, don't worry. Time will bring things right. A good character always wins in the end.

GREAT Newspaper HOAX



Tidings of a new paper took the town by storm—and the wily Mr. Hepburn "cashed in" on the citizens' enthusiasm

WE want to warn the public against the firm of J. T. Byrne, 83, Upper Leeson Street, Dublin, which has been very active in this country, and whose touring representative, Mr. A. Hepburn, is now posing as the owner of the *Derby Echo*.

The notepaper of J. T. Byrne and Co. gives the company's proprietors as J. T. Byrne, LL.D., and A. Hepburn.

Signs are not lacking that preparations are under way for one of this firm's filibustering financial expeditions, and investors will be well advised to leave severely alone any seemingly fascinating offer that may emerge from this quarter.

We can throw quite a lot of light upon the affairs of J. T. Byrne, revealing an amazing network of swindling financial ventures.

The spell-binder

Facts we have unearthed convince us that the present activity in Derby is merely the forerunner of an attempt to foist fresh swindles on the public.

Mr. Hepburn, a gentleman of urbane manner and commanding appearance, recently proposed to establish an important daily paper in opposition to the Rothermere group.

He descended on Derby, where the agreement between the Northcliffe and Allied groups of provincial papers had resulted in the disappearance of the old *Derby Express*.

A straight, soldierly, 6 ft. figure, with close-clipped white moustache, Mr. Hepburn was soon well known in Derby business circles. His soft Irish brogue, with its harsher American overtones and his fluent use of the picturesque idiom of our cousins "across the pond," made him a spell-binder to whom Derby listened with willing ears.

The project of a local daily paper was being eagerly discussed in the town and Mr. Hepburn's generous offer to find £75,000 if Derby would subscribe a mere £25,000 made an instant appeal.

His object was to obtain control of a local weekly paper in return for shares in the new venture.

As a first step this paper has changed its name to the *Derby Echo*. An issue now before us carries a three-column article on the subject under the headline: "THE DERBY DAILY ECHO" TO BE THE TOWN'S NEW EVENING PAPER.

The article declares that the whole machinery is being set in motion "to provide the people of Derby with that which they so earnestly desire—a Derby evening paper, for Derby people, financed by Derby money."

Lofty ideals

A prospectus, "now in preparation," is shortly to be issued to the public, and it is desired that "there should be 30,000 or 40,000 shares of small denomination."

Given this, potential investors are told, the circulation of the paper would be ready made and its success assured in advance.

"The *Derby Daily Echo* will be an independent paper," the article stoutly avers, "whose mission it will be to give news—and, first and foremost, DERBY NEWS.

"It will not bow the knee to any party, creed, or sect, nor subjugate its independence to any interest. It will be master of itself and servant only to the public."

After Mr. Hepburn's proud boasts it is a little surprising to find that he has now retired into the background. Perhaps his sudden modesty is due to the fact that detectives are making enquiries regarding a certain dishonoured cheque?

Surely a sorry setback to his offer to find £75,000 to finance his scheme?

What, then, is the record of this firm of J. T. Byrne, established in 1897 and promoters of electric railways, public utility, industrial and mining enterprises?

It is, of course, just a passing coincidence that Mr. Hepburn's name resembles in sound so closely that of his colleague Mr. Byrne, but it is extraordinary, to say the least, that the plausible Mr. Hepburn should be unaware of the fact that the names of J. T. Byrne and his firm are bywords in financial circles.

Is he so naïve that he does not know that Mr. Byrne, who has been known by a score of names, has a long criminal record of financial frauds in this and other countries?

It is extraordinary, too, that a concern run by ex-convict Byrne, called the Empire Syndicate (1926), boasts identical aims and objects as the company from which Mr. Hepburn descended on Derby.

On one occasion when J. T. Byrne was sent to jail for frauds, which the judge said were of such gravity that he could have sentenced him to seven years, *the whole business was conducted from Dublin, in which city Mr. Hepburn had his business headquarters.*

Old hands

It is unfortunate that important professional and business people could have been imposed upon in this latest project which it is our privilege to expose in its initial stages.

Enquiry at Scotland Yard, at Belfast, Dublin, or any of the other towns from which Mr. Byrne directs his nefarious ventures now reveals that the financing and floating of newspapers is a business in which the firm has excelled before.

One such scheme in which Mr. J. T. Byrne, LL.D., excelled was the *Irish Financier*, which he controlled in the name of "Byrne, Lane and Brown," a trinity where Lane and Brown were merely figments of Byrne's fertile imagination!

All the more curious still is Mr. Hepburn's apparent ignorance regarding Mr. Byrne, whose criminal activity is almost a household word in Dublin, and whose many swindling ventures have been known under a variety of names.

These include "Byrne and Brady," the "Jewel Radio Co.," which he ran from Piccadilly, London, "Byrne and Lane," "Sceumas O'Brion," and "Arthur Scheumas."

One of Mr. Hepburn's chief assets is his plausibility, which he shares in common with his colleague Byrne.

Throughout his twenty-five years of persistent fraud Byrne's slogan has been "Large funds always available."

The ready presence of these "large sums," however, did not prevent him from stooping to swindle an aged inventor who had or thought he had a saleable patent for goloshes.

On this occasion Byrne took from this old man every penny he possessed—£77—for the payment of stamp duties for a company he proposed to form to put the patent on the market.

As he has so often done before he fraudulently converted this money to his own uses.

One of Mr. Hepburn's letters about the Derby venture says, "like the guy from Missouri, 'I want to be shown.'" It is conceivable that, after this article appears, he will have a long session with Byrne.

His insatiable curiosity might well cause him to question his dear colleague about the long period he served in New York, following one of his financial schemes that went awry and his subsequent deportation to these shores.

"Wanted" in France

Nor is that all. At one time the French police were looking for Mr. Hepburn's intimate associate in connection with the sale of bonds and his conversion of the money to his own uses.

Byrne's usual method of getting in touch with his victims is through advertisements.

Happily Byrne's use of this avenue is restricted because during the last five or six years he has become widely known as the "advertiser who does not pay."

Byrne is a man of many parts and his flair for publishing is further instanced by a work he edited as J. T. Byrne, LL.D.

This was the "Education Directory and Scholastic Guide," which was to be in six sections. The publishers were "Byrne, Lane and Brown," and the various sections were devoted to England, Scotland, Wales, the Continent and to histories of charitable colleges and schools.

Take a look!

For months in advance this valuable publication was advertised, the advertisements as usual not being paid for, and those who sent in subscriptions were soon complaining that they had not received the publication.

We urge the business men of Derby to be "like the guy from Missouri," and "want to be shown," for Mr. Hepburn's present pose as owner of the proposed *Derby Echo* indicates that the mind of J. T. Byrne still hopes to launch another scheme for duping the public.

We think we have nipped it in the bud this time.

The Human Machine

MIRTH CONTROL

THERE is an old proverb that urges us to "Laugh and grow fat." If its writer had known what modern psychologists know, he would have expressed himself differently. He would have said "Laugh and grow sane."

Life may be, and is, serious and sober and responsibile. It may be full of worries and fears. But the man who has forgotten how to laugh is a man to be pitied.

"A sense of humour," says an American psychologist, "is not the joker in the deck of human traits, but it has a definite value. Neither is it the knave nor the king, but, when rightly played, it is a trump card. . . . If you forget how to play and to laugh you are in danger. It isn't only that 'all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy,' but that it makes him, when he becomes a grown-up John, a nervous man."

We should cultivate laughter, for it is a gift that has been given only to human beings. Since no animal, not even the chimpanzee, has ever been known to laugh, we are entitled to regard laughter as going hand in hand with a high order of intelligence.

And not only can we laugh, but we can control our mirth. We can laugh or not laugh, as we choose. We can laugh with others to preserve our mental balance, or we can laugh at others to indulge our instincts of cruelty. If we are wise we will laugh with others—letting ourselves go with complete tonic relaxation for the good of our mental health.

If we want to laugh at anyone let us be genuinely intelligent and laugh at ourselves.

Who owns the dog in *your* House?

MANY a man has paid for a dog, and then found that he could never hope to *own* him, for when a dog is brought into a new household he decides, for himself, who shall be his owner. In some homes you will find that he is a man's dog; he seems to love best the one who takes him for long walks. In others, he gives first place in his heart to the lady of the house and you will hear people say that "he worships the hand that feeds him."

But a dog goes much deeper than that when he chooses his owner. Actually, he gives himself to the one who takes care of his health and *condition*, for in that way he chooses the one who understands him best.

Some people understand a dog's moods and whims so well that they see signs of their dog losing condition long before others in the house notice anything wrong. *Your dog's coat is the surest guide to his condition.* The quality of his coat depends entirely on the purity of his blood, and the first warning that impurities have been accumulating in the blood is the absence of healthy "bloom" from the coat. The bloom begins to go some days before your dog's condition falls so low that he commences to suffer such blood ailments as

LISTLESSNESS,
EXCESSIVE SCRATCHING,
LOSS OF APPETITE, or
LOOSE COAT.

By providing your dog with Bob Martin's Condition Powders as soon as the bloom begins to leave his coat, you can keep him always in glorious condition, and save him from the ailments which dogs must suffer when their blood is impure. *Bob Martin's Condition Powders remove every impurity from the blood, tone up the whole system, and give your dog keen appetite, happy manner, and beautiful coat.*

Do we get a fair reward for our care in giving our dogs this glorious condition? Of course we do. We get the cheerful and devoted companionship which only a well-conditioned dog can give. Ask those who have seen the difference which Bob Martin's Condition Powders have made to *their* dog.

Provide *your* dog with Bob Martin's Condition Powders *now*. In a week or so you will be amazed at the *difference* which *condition* makes to him. In every way he will be happier, more vigorous and robust, and his coat will begin to take on that beautiful "bloom" which proves that the coat is being nourished by rich, pure blood.

Every dog biscuit shop, chemist and store sell Bob Martin's Condition Powders in 6d. packets of 9 (nine) powders, and 1/- boxes of 18 powders. Made (since 1892) by Bob Martin, Ltd., Southport, Eng.

The cheerful companionship of a healthy dog lightens everyday tasks.

And he's the best pal in the world for the youngsters.

Keep him healthy—Bob Martin's Condition Powders are easy to give, being tasteless.

Did you know that your dog's skin is non-porous?

Have you ever paused to wonder how your dog gets rid of blood impurities and normal bodily poisons? He cannot do so by perspiring, as his skin is non-porous. Only a blood corrective can keep his blood pure and give him health to enjoy life as he should. Nature provides blood correctives among certain wild grasses and herbage, but these are beyond your dog's reach, among the valleys and moorlands. He depends on you to make good the loss.

That is why all careful dog owners, including the famous Breeders, provide their dogs with Bob Martin's Condition Powders, which tone up the whole system by purifying the blood.

What to do when your dog is OFF HIS FOOD.

Loss of appetite is nearly always due to overfeeding or too much rich food. The result is a little sourness in the stomach and then an impure bloodstream. Further food will do him more harm than good until his blood has been purified. Give him Bob Martin's Condition Powders without delay; he will soon be enjoying a keen, clean appetite and amazing you with his tireless energy.

Also in ONE SHILLING Boxes.

BOB MARTIN'S TASTELESS CONDITION POWDERS

Cure and prevent LISTLESSNESS, LOSS OF APPETITE, LOOSE COAT, CONTINUAL SCRATCHING, ECZEMA and SWELLINGS between the TOES by purifying the blood and toning up the whole system

SIR WYNDHAM CHILDS gets on the Track of—

A Flying Squad of CROOKS

IF I were asked to name the most prevalent fraud to-day I should say: "the exploitation of unemployed men who happen to have saved a little money."

Every week I receive pathetic letters from poor fellows who have been cruelly robbed by bogus employers, and it is clear that hundreds of mobile rogues are successfully operating to-day in complete defiance of the police.

This "Flying Squad" of crooks is composed of men of considerable resource, who specialise in high-speed coups and who move from town to town with such rapidity that it is almost impossible to trace them.

I have compiled a black list, however, and propose to give the public the benefit of the information in my possession

One much wanted man is James J. Mincher, who recently took offices in Dundee and Glasgow, and pretended to be the European representative of two important African trading concerns.

"Lucky" victims

Making free use of these companies' names, he advertised to the effect that vacancies existed in Belgium, Portugal, and West Africa, with the result that scores of earnest applicants soon clamoured for interviews.

Mincher graciously granted appointments and talked eloquently of the splendid prospects ahead for those lucky enough to get in with such flourishing companies.

He said he was on special leave from Accra for the purpose of selecting the right men for posts as planters, engineers, and for managerial positions. And sometimes, to create an added impression, he pretended that it would be necessary for him to telephone to higher officials at the London office before coming to a decision.

In this way he induced a number of men to pay him deposits, some running into hundreds of pounds. But when these eager jobseekers reported on the following day for "further instructions," the engaging Mincher had gone.

Roguish epicure

Mincher should be brought to book. He simply engaged a furnished office on a short lease for no other purpose than staging his fly-by-night hauls.

Another practitioner of this type is Arthur Leatham, who is a lover of good living and whose expensive taste in cigars doubtless helps to impress prospective dupes.

I have word that he was in Liverpool recently, posing as a wealthy builder. With characteristic impudence he posed as the owner of some newly erected houses, and professed to be in search of a reliable man to watch his interests while he was away supervising other important business.

A lot of men responded, but Leatham cleverly kept them apart and relieved each in turn of "security" ranging from £75 to £150. Then he fled the district, leaving his victims to meet and discover how shamefully they had been deceived.

In other names this mobile trickster has robbed other workless men in Manchester, Nuneaton, Bristol, Blackburn, Southport, Bolton and London. His promised posts are all mythical, and he never at any time has anything more tangible than a hired office.

A rogue who favours slightly different tactics, but who undoubtedly merits a place in this inglorious flying squad is J. Norton.

Broken promises

He recently advertised for a handyman, and a Hurstbrook reader who responded was told a very impressive tale.

Norton, who pretended to have secured valuable contracts for repairing house property, offered the applicant nearly a year's work.

He stipulated, however, that a sum of £15 must be deposited as a sign of good faith, but promised that this sum should be refunded with interest when the employment came to an end.

The Hurstbrook man had no savings, but the prospects, as outlined by Norton, sounded so attractive that he borrowed the necessary money from a relative.

As soon as this was paid over his new employer instructed him to report for duty on the next day. But by that time Norton had disappeared, and since then there have been many complaints against him.

Rutland Square, Edinburgh, was recently the headquarters of George Williams—but not for long.

He represented himself variously as a property agent, insurance broker, financier and publicity expert.

In one guise or another he offered employment to numerous men, promising permanent posts with most attractive prospects.

The stories he told were so convincing that he soon secured deposits of £150 or £250 from would-be employees, at the same time defrauding clients who entrusted business to him.

By saying that he could raise £4,000 to finance a business venture, he induced one poor fellow to hand him money, and others were similarly tricked.

Another notorious fly-by-night rogue is P. Harrison, who was exposed in JOHN BULL years ago when conducting a fraudulent business in London.

He was arrested a year or two back in respect of serious charges of fraud, and though some of his victims were weeping in court, he boldly asked for bail—and got it.

Recently, after one of his speedy employment-with-investment offers, he was re-arrested In spite of his bad record he was again granted bail, and at once repaid this clemency by absconding!

Lightning hauls

Since then he has learnt the wisdom of keeping on the move, and his coups have been speedier than ever. His list of victims is still swelling, the latest complaints coming from Liverpool, Dublin, and Glasgow.

The Portsmouth police badly want a rogue who recently perpetrated a lot of frauds from a temporary address there in the name of Captain Jones.

Posing as an auctioneer and estate-agent, he promised branch appointments to a number of men on condition that they invested something like £125 apiece.

This is only one of many similar frauds he has staged within the past eighteen months, but he still contrives to remain at large.

I am appalled to find that there are at least two hundred warrants in existence for fly-by-night rogues who take advantage of the lack of co-ordination between police methods.

Flitting from town to town and county to county, they can always contrive to be just ahead of any enquiries.

While the police of one county are verifying that a man they know as Smith was known as Brown elsewhere, the rogue is often perpetrating fresh frauds in a third district in the name of Robinson!

One can certainly not blame the police, who do their best in very difficult circumstances. Until we have a national force they will always be at this disadvantage.

Meanwhile, as these fly-by-night rogues invariably secure their victims through advertisements, I would urge advertising managers to double their vigilance to ensure that dubious employment offers do not creep into their columns.

And if any readers are in doubt about propositions that involve a cash investment, I shall always be happy to give them my advice.

They sneak away at night, these most contemptible crooks, leaving their victims on the verge of ruin—but Sir Wyndham is watching . . .

Wanted— Fools!

THERE is an air of novelty about an investment offer now being made by H. Davis, of 40, Carlton Avenue West, North Wembley, Middlesex, but for all that it is an offer which the prudent will shun.

Set forth attractively in an impressive document, described as "Prospectus No. 1," it relates vaguely to Stock Exchange investments, which, it candidly confides, are "full of deep interest and pitfalls."

Only those who have passed "through Sad Alley and Joyful Parade," after years of experience, can claim to offer a little advice to the beginner, declares Davis.

* * *

He admits that there is a dark side to speculative investment, and says that there is no royal road to money-making on Stock Exchanges.

But he also suggests that there can be a bright side "if you decide to take a risk—entrusting your financial adventure to the management of an experienced operator and investor."

It is in this latter rôle that he comes before the public. He is anxious to form "investment clubs for the purpose of assisting ladies and gentlemen desirous of acquiring an interest in good stocks and shares."

One and all are invited to become members by entrusting Davis with the "smaller portion" of their savings; but they must agree to the following conditions:

Investments must be for £10 upwards, the capital of each club being limited to £1,000.

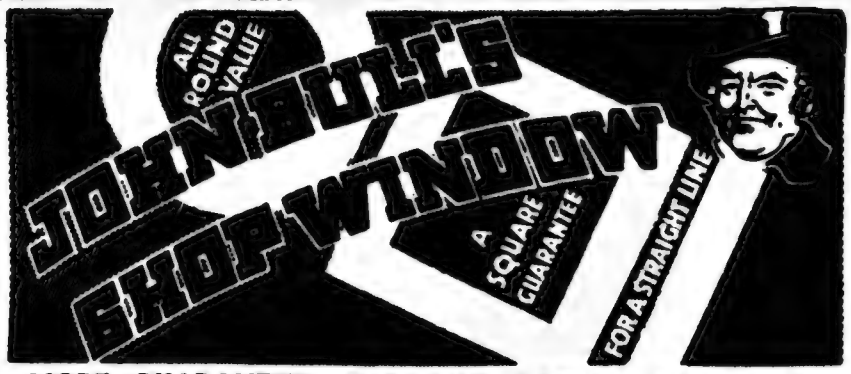
* * *

Davis must have sole control of the money for two years, with permission to deduct 10 per cent. for development and general expenses.

Reasonable profits, it is said, will be paid out "when possible," the capital being then re-invested in a new "club."

Nowhere in the circular is any mention made of those shares or stocks in which money is to be sunk. Implicit faith must be placed in Davis, whose qualifications in this connection can only be taken for granted.

In these circumstances this original "financier" does well to address his offer "To Ladies and Gentlemen possessing the spirit of adventure."



MORE GUARANTEED BARGAINS APPEAR ON PAGE 3.

AT LAST! THE PERFECT PNEUMATIC APPLIANCE.

RUPTURE

ABSOLUTELY CONTROLLED

The new invention of Mr. W. Blunden's, himself a Rupture sufferer, is the result of 28 years' study. It is described by doctors and sufferers as the ideal support. The permanent pneumatic Pads cannot possibly leak or puncture whatever pressure is applied. They are scientifically shaped to give adequate support to the weakest part of the rupture. Ideal for health, comfort, security and convenience. The whole Appliance is very light, strong, washable and is guaranteed to last. What further proof is required than the fact that

WE ARE THE ONLY FIRM THAT ALLOWS YOU TO

Test it before you pay!

We invite you to give it a FREE TRIAL for seven days. No deposit required. The Price is so reasonable that your Approved Society will probably allow the whole amount. A Copy of "Commonsense Treatment of Rupture" will be sent free to "John Bull" readers. Write now giving particulars of your case, or call

BLUNDEN SURGICAL APPLIANCE CO., LTD. (Dept. 1288), Head Office: 9/15, OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.1. Branches: Cromford House, Market Street, Manchester, etc.

12/6 SOUNDBOX BARGAIN 5/11

To popularise our Mail Order bargains we are offering this wonderful new British Made Soundbox for 5/11 only! Why not have a really up-to-date Soundbox on your gramophone and make it as good as an expensive cabinet model? Hear all those high and low notes you have been missing! Send 3d. postage for FREE APPROVAL. Then, if delighted, pay 1/6 weekly till 6/6 is paid, or cash with order, 5/11 only. Why not send 3d. stamps to-day and give it a trial?—we forward Soundbox by return!—(under no obligation whatever on your part to purchase unless delighted).

HOLLOWAY, BARNES & CO., (Dept. J.B.4) 1, Lorne Rd., Waterloo, LIVERPOOL.

State whether Soundbox fits in or sits over tone-arm.

TWO POUNDS SAVED

I save you at least TWO POUNDS on any cycle, and you choose from the largest selection in the world. NO CHARGE for ACCESSORIES. Carriage paid. Write NOW for free copy of the most marvellous cycle catalogue ever published.

Edwd. O'Brien Ltd. Dept. J., COVENTRY.

HOME BAGATELLE

7/6 DOWN

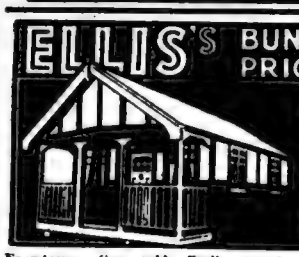
32 BILLIARD TABLES FREE.

The attraction of a Riley Bagatelle Table is endless. Think of all the jolly evenings it would give you and your friends. And the cost is slight—the 6 ft. size (cash price £3.18.6) is delivered carriage paid on 7 days' free trial for 7/6 down and you pay the balance as you play. Riley's take all transit risks. Accessories included. Folds compactly away.

E. J. RILEY, LTD., Lane Works, Accrington.

Write for details and price list. And Dept. 45, 147, Aldersgate Street, London E.C.1. Ph Bl

ELLIS'S BUNGALOWS PRICE CUTS



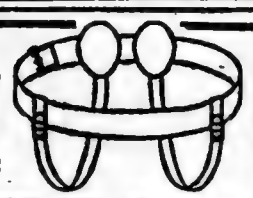
Easy terms. Carr. paid. Easily erected. Above size 24½ ft. x 10 ft. x 8 ft. Size 24½ ft. x 14 ft. x 8 ft., £61, now £56 18s. Design B.M.24, 20 ft. x 10 ft., from £38 10s. (3 rooms); M.500, 20 ft. x 10 ft., from £29 6s. 6d. (2 rooms).

FREE CATALOGUE. Separate catalogues of Bungalows, Greenhouses, Garages, Pavilions, etc. (state which required).

G. ELLIS & CO., Pope Wharf, Gainsborough Road, London, E.8.

VISIT OUR SHOWGROUND [illegible] SATURDAY

10/- SINGLE POST FREE!



15/- DOUBLE POST FREE!

These wonderful Rupture Appliances have met with such response that we are going to continue the offer of them for a while longer. Consisting of a strong elastic body band, fitted with soft unpuncturable rubber pads, velvet covered, they are without doubt the most wonderful appliances on the market to-day. Send your P.O. at once stating size round body, and whether left, right or double rupture.

A Customer writes: "Your appliance is as good as those I have paid three times as much for."

Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded

LONDON SURGICAL COMPANY (Dpt. J.B.) 22, Gt. James St., Bedford Row, London, W.C.1

SATISFACTION OR FREE GIFT OF 1/-

Think of it. For one week only, simply to advertise our catalogue, we are offering a pair of guaranteed hard wearing trousers at practically cost price, viz: 4/- per pair. These are Dk. Grey with a neat stripe and made of practically untearable material and we guarantee to replace should they fail to please. Send for a pair now, and if you are not completely satisfied with your bargain, we undertake not only to refund your money but will give you 1/- as a recompense for your disappointment. Send to-day as this opportunity may not occur again. State size (28in. to 40in. waist) 42in. to 48in. 1/- extra. Stock sizes only.

4/- *Postage on 1 or 2 pairs 9d. for C.O.D.*

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HALL'S LINOLEUM FLOOR COVERING

ALL BRITISH

15/- FOR 108 SQ. FEET

SPECIAL OFFER.

Write now for FREE SAMPLES of this wonderful damp-proof and rot-proof floor covering. Suitable for any floor, as it lies quite flat. Will stand any amount of hard wear. Many suitable designs. Newest colours. Also Stair covering.

A. C. HALL & CO., 8, HOWARDS BUILDINGS CENTRAL STREET, OLD STREET, LONDON, E.C.1

NERVOUSNESS

A Remarkably Interesting Book on Nervous Disorders Given Free to All Sufferers!

If you suffer from Weak Nerves, Depression, Insomnia, Morbid Fears, Blushing or any similar nerve-weakness, stop wasting money on useless patent medicines and let me show you how to conquer your nervousness before it conquers you! An absorbingly interesting book, describing a simple, inexpensive, drugless home-treatment, will be sent in a plain sealed envelope upon receipt of 3d. to cover cost of postage, etc. Write NOW, and you will be delighted to learn how easily you can acquire strong nerves, robust health, and a happy, confident personality.

HENRY J. RIVERS (Dept. J.B. 91), 40, Lamb's Conduit Street, London, W.C.1.

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CUT INTO LENGTHS READY FOR USE FREE OF CHARGE

(Or in hanks if desired.)

Now better value than ever. Super qualities in Black and 100 shades, 6 ply and Cable. FREE Catalogue of 33 coloured rug designs and samples and prices of Wools, Canvas, etc. Send a P.C. to READICUT WOOL CO. Dept. J.B., Ossett, Yorks.

FROM 1/- PER LB

Slender Figures

All about you prove that science has discovered

A New Foe to Fat

A few years ago, millions of people suffered from excess fat. It was a blight to beauty, health and vim. Lives were shortened, all life's joys reduced.

Now look about. Excess fat is fast disappearing. Not by starvation, not by harmful drugs. Science has discovered that a great cause of excess fat lies in a weakened gland. That gland largely controls nutrition. Its secretion helps turn food into fuel and energy. A scanty secretion lets too much food turn to fat.

Now doctors the world over combat that cause. They feed the lacking factor until weight returns to normal.

That factor is the basis of Marmola prescription tablets. A world-famous medical laboratory prepares them to fit the average case. Thus any obese person may employ this method in its best form at small cost.

Marmola has been used for 24 years—millions of boxes of it. Users have told others, and the use has spread. Now a large part of the slenderness you see is due to this master help.

Now excess fat is folly. It is also folly to starve or overdo, or use methods harmful or absurd. The right method—the method which all doctors now employ—is at your call.

Go get it to-day if you need it. The Marmola booklet gives the formula and explains the reasons for results. Don't carry this burden longer when people all about you have so easily thrown it off.

Marmola Prescription Tablets are sold by all chemists at 3/- per box or sent post paid on receipt of price by the Marmola Co. (Dept. 83 M), 86, Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.1. Send this coupon or write for our latest book, a two-day sample free, and our guarantee.

The Pleasant Way to Reduce

MARMOLA COMPANY (Dept. 83 M), 86, Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.1. Please forward two-day sample of Marmola, Booklet and Guarantee Form—FREE.

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The Best One Volume Dictionary ever Published. It has helped thousands; it will help you.

Send for it TO-DAY and Pay for it while using it.

Essential for CROSSWORDS and COMPETITIONS

THIS DICTIONARY IS VALUABLE TO EVERY MEMBER OF THE HOME. NUMEROUS WINNERS OF MONEY PRIZES.

EXAMINE IT FREE FOR FIVE DAYS. POST NOW.

To BRITISH BOOKS, LTD., 86, Strand, London, W.C.2.

Please send to me "THE KING'S ENGLISH" DICTIONARY (New Edition) on approval for 5 days' FREE Examination. I will return it on the sixth day; or, if I desire to purchase, I will remit a First Payment of 2s. 6d. and twelve further monthly payments of 2s. 6d. to complete the price of 32s. 6d. (or Cash Price 31s.).

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Pain after Eating

ACIDITY, GASTRITIS & INDIGESTION DISAPPEAR LIKE MAGIC.

Thousands of sufferers from Acidity, Heartburn, Sour Stomach, Fermentative Dyspepsia, Gastric Catarrh, Wind or Flatulence, Fullness after Meals, and all forms of acid indigestion have been cured by the SHADFORTH ACIDITY PRESCRIPTION No. 1077.

This prescription is non-purgative. You feel easier in five minutes. Note the steady improvement; clean tongue; moist mouth and throat; flatulence vanished; long, sour face replaced by such broad, sweet smiles that your friends marvel at the magic change.

Prices 1/6 (72), 2/6 (144), 7/- (432 tablets).

Privately packed and post free at these prices from

Shadforth Prescription Service, Ltd., (Dept. J.B. 108), 49, KING WILLIAM STREET, LONDON BRIDGE, E.C.4.

Buy BRITAIN'S BEST

SHARP'S GOLDEN SUPER TOFFEE

MAN the G.P.O. WON'T ARREST:

PUT ME in the DOCK!

IT is surely a rare thing for a man to demand his own arrest, yet for some months past Mr. William Henry Arkey, of 18, Crediton Road, Kensal Rise, London, has been doing so with all the vehemence he can command.

"Put me in the dock!" has been his persistent plea, but so far the authorities have remained deaf to all his appeals.

Mr. Arkey protests that he has been dismissed from the service of the General Post Office after an unblemished record of twenty-two years, in circumstances which have allowed him no fair hearing.

As a result, he is to-day a marked man, under a cloud of disgrace, his character destroyed, and with a wife and three children to support, his plight is desperate indeed.

He cannot draw the "dole," and no one wants to employ a man who has been dismissed from Government service with ignominy.

After examining all the facts of this man's grievance we have decided that it is in the public interest that the full story should be made known.

The missing £250

Until the close of last year, Mr. Arkey was a sorter in the Paddington and District Post Office. He had worked his way up steadily from telegraph boy, and, quite apart from his war service, had been a loyal postal worker for twenty-two years.

But suddenly, one evening some months ago, he was ordered to leave his desk, and was closely questioned regarding the loss of a registered postal packet, said to have contained £250 in notes.

Mr. Arkey denied all knowledge of the alleged loss, and frankly expressed his readiness to undergo thorough cross-examination.

He also declared that he had no objection to a search being made in his own house, although such intrusion was highly inconvenient at that moment as his wife was about to have a baby.

Postal investigators came that same night and made a most exhaustive search, but all that they found was a couple of old registration labels among a miscellaneous assortment of foreign stamps, tickets and scraps in the possession of one of the children.

These were taken away, and three days later Mr. Arkey was suspended.

Throughout the next three weeks, during which his wife gave birth to a baby girl, Mr. Arkey waited patiently for a decision. Then came an astounding letter from the postmaster at Paddington District Office implying that the authorities were satisfied that Mr. Arkey was responsible for the theft of various postal packets, including the one containing £250 in notes.

He was taxed with not having revealed that he had a small banking account, and it was said that the dates of payments he had made coincided "in a striking manner" with the dates on which registered letters had gone astray.

"These facts," the letter concluded, "raise the presumption that you stole the registered letters and that the money you paid into your banking account is the proceeds of the thefts."

Frank explanations

Mr. Arkey wrote at once and, frankly admitting his foolishness in not disclosing his banking account, provided a ready explanation. He had joined a certain society, the first payment on his account had been for entrance fees, and he was naturally reluctant to have his private affairs discussed.

He denied all knowledge of any missing letters or that he alone could have had access to them as the authorities suggested, because there were generally anything from seven to twenty employees in the Registered room.

With regard to the two old labels taken from his child's scrap collection, he asked that the numbers be checked to establish whether they referred to letters which had been safely delivered.

He admitted that he had handled money additional to his wage of £5 a week, but disclosed the fact that he had received a substantial loan from his father-in-law and also augmented his income at week-ends by hiring out a small car, which he had bought cheaply, second-hand.

High-handed

If these statements had been checked they would have been found to be correct in every particular, and the suggestion that his small additional income was irregularly derived would have been destroyed.

But the next move took the form of a curt communication announcing that the Postmaster-General had directed that Mr. Arkey be dismissed "because the circumstances establish, in his opinion, that you have been guilty of theft of registered letters."

That an old servant with a fine record could be cast off in this way without being given a fair hearing is surely to be deplored.

If the authorities are satisfied of Mr. Arkey's guilt it is a public duty to prosecute him; if there is a doubt, why has he been dismissed?

The official attitude is all the more difficult to understand in the light of certain important facts which Mr. Arkey claims are clearly in his favour.

He stresses that the letter containing the £250, on the loss of which the main accusation was based, was never traced as having reached Paddington District Office where Arkey was employed, but was lost in the post.

And he further urges that if it had reached Paddington it would have been due to be dealt with by an officer inexperienced in registered matters—the latter point being officially admitted.

It is also admitted that no stolen property was found in Mr. Arkey's possession.

In all these circumstances it would be illuminating to know exactly on what evidence the "presumption" of this old postal worker's guilt is based.

As we say, Mr. Arkey has begged for a trial so that the full facts may be considered by a judge and jury, but the authorities prefer to abide by their own "presumption."

What is behind their reluctance to meet a very fair and reasonable request? Are they now beginning to doubt the weight of their own presumed evidence? Or do they fear—as has been suggested in some quarters—an exposure of the system relating to the handling of registered mail?

This case certainly reveals an astonishing laxity, and there could have been no element of doubt in it at all but for the existence of what is known as the "bulk" system of dealing with registered letters.

Deplorable system

It is generally supposed that once a letter is labelled and entered in the receipt register it has an identity that will follow it through every stage to its destination.

But such is not the case. Once sorted, it may be one of a hundred bound for a certain centre. And all will be placed in a bag for conveyance to that centre in bulk.

Although a hundred may leave one post office and a hundred may reach another, there is apparently no check to show that those delivered are the same as the hundred handed in!

We understand that the Guild of Postal Sorters has long deplored this system—or lack of system—because it provides no safeguards for postal workers who may come under suspicion when letters go astray.

Had a proper system been in force it would have been possible to establish beyond all doubt whether the missing letters actually passed through Mr. Arkey's hands or at what stage on their journey they disappeared.

This case merits full and searching enquiry, and the authorities should either prove their charges through the ordinary process of law or reinstate Mr. Arkey immediately.

He asks to be given justice, that is all — William Henry Arkey

'KEEPER'S Golden Goal

THE opening match of the football season at Cowes, Isle of Wight, ended in a brilliant victory for the home team, with six goals to its credit.

But had it been *beaten* by six goals instead, nobody, knowing the circumstances, could have blamed the Cowes goalkeeper, Mr. William G. Barnes, who lives across the water at 6, Victory Crescent, Millbrook, Southampton.

Would *you* have been able to keep a cool head and beat the opposing forwards every time if you had just received a *Bullets* First Prize telegram from JOHN BULL?

* * *

That telegram brought the wonderful news that in Competition No. 860 his *Bullet*, IN LOVERS' LANE—"PITFALLS" MOONLIGHT NIGHTS *Conceal*, had headed the prize-list. For those few well-chosen words he had scored the *Bullets* goal and secured a fortune of £1,250, a £225 motor-car and a holiday cheque for £20 every August as long as he lives.

You can guess what this enormous prize will mean to twenty-two-year-old Mr. Barnes, whose pay as a painter and paper-hanger is only just enough to make ends meet.

"*Bullets* is my only hobby," he told the JOHN BULL man who called with congratulations. "I spend most of my spare time on them, and even when I go to bed I lull myself to sleep thinking out fresh ideas."

The man who framed this winning

warning to bachelors is a bachelor himself.

"That 'Example,' IN LOVER'S LANE, appealed to me particularly," he said, "because I've lost a good many pals who've gone that way."

The secret of his big success is not a new one—but here it is, and it may well help you to head the prize-list:

"One day a copy of *Bullets Bulletin* arrived with a 'Target' Prize. I read it through and realised what I had been missing. So I registered at once for a free weekly copy, and now its advice has helped me to score the goal that was my ambition."

* * *

Why not make *your* goal that Life Pension of £3 a Week, accompanied by £1,000 cash, which is finally offered on page 35?

One of the coupons provided there will bring you our free *Bullets Bulletin* every Thursday—and another may bring you this huge two-in-one prize!

SNAP THIS UP

If you want an all-British "Ensign" Camera free, join the R.V.C. Camera Club. By doing so, you can do a good turn to the Royal Veterinary College, that world-famous institution which has helped so many lame dogs "over the stile."

Write for full particulars to-day. Send a halfpenny stamped, addressed envelope, enclosed in an unsealed envelope bearing a halfpenny stamp. Address: Cameras Dept., J.B.2, 68, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

The LEGION of Lost Children

"Poor wee mites," every mother calls these "nobody's children" of the orphanages. Here is a glimpse into their little lives and into their future. . . . That future is to become far brighter. For Sir Herbert Samuel, the Home Secretary, is determined to suppress those abuses which have so often in the past bestowed hardship and suffering on these children. . . . Through the Children's Act, he now proposes to enforce safeguards which will foil the despicable baby-farmers

HE is a baby with a very wonderful smile—although what he's got to smile about nobody seems to know.

As he lies in his rather drab and faded little crib, he looks up expectantly the whole day through for the caress or playful pinch or few words of gibberish that all babies seem to expect.

But it rarely seems to come his way.

He feels with his little fist for a strong finger or a tuft of hair, something to give him confidence. But the people who move around his orbit rarely seem to come near enough to be touched.

He doesn't know it, but he is one of the Legion of Lost Children—part of one of the biggest social problems of our times.

To-day he is one of Britain's unwanted babies. To-morrow he may be anything.

If the wheel turns right for him he might be rolling in cool linen in the home of a millionaire, petted, spoiled, destined to live a life of luxury.

If it does not, there may be dreadful alternatives. And it may all depend on him smiling at the right moment—something even more unimportant than that.

A Tragic Army

And he is not alone, this babe who must gamble with his life as the most reckless plunger in the world dare not do. There are hundreds of thousands of his sort in the world.

Every year there are fifty thousand babies of his kind born into the United Kingdom—candidates for that Legion of the Lost Babies.

More than thirty thousand of them are illegitimate, children for whom life is rather less of a gamble, since the chances of being adopted by well-to-do people are smaller in their case, the danger that they will grow up to be exploited the greater.

It is a strange army, this our own Legion of the Lost. A tragic army, taking it as a whole, although heaven has smiled on many of its members, and they themselves have bestowed heaven on those who picked them out from among their little fellows with the words: "I'll have that one, the darling."

An army of laughter and tears, high lights and shadows, plenty and poverty, as we shall see when we review it.

* * *

"It's so hard to choose," said the woman in a black veil, who had gone all the way from a mansion in Northamptonshire to a slum in London to examine two children, brother and sister.

"When I see the little boy I think he's such a darling. Prettier than his sister, really. Yet his sister really caught my eye because she was laughing when I came in the room, and he looked so very, very solemn."

She looked at the two babies again. Two orphans, their mother dead not more than a month—the boy, a healthy, kicking three-months-old, the sister a bold, smiling girl of two.

That was twelve years ago.

To-day there is a lucky young woman in the Midlands who already rides to hounds, who knows more about the holiday resorts of Italy and Switzerland and the Riviera than she does of any English seaside town.

Her wealthy "father" does fine work among the poor children of his district, and often stages little entertainments for their benefit. And when he does, his pretty adopted daughter is always there, moving so much like a princess that people say you can tell breed when you see it.

Meanwhile, there is a little boy in a Norfolk village who is known to his schoolmates as a "cuckoo"—one of many children in the village on whom the same title is bestowed.

He is a cuckoo because he is not in his own nest. He belongs to the dilapidated little cottage down the lane, and his parents are not his own parents really.

Furthermore, they are poor—so very poor that he goes hungry at times, and knows what real joy can be got out of stale bread and stale cheese when the stomach has been resting for too long.

"Cuckoo Village"

The girl was the girl who smiled when the woman in the black veil came in the room twelve years ago. And the boy is her brother, the baby who nearly won, but not quite!

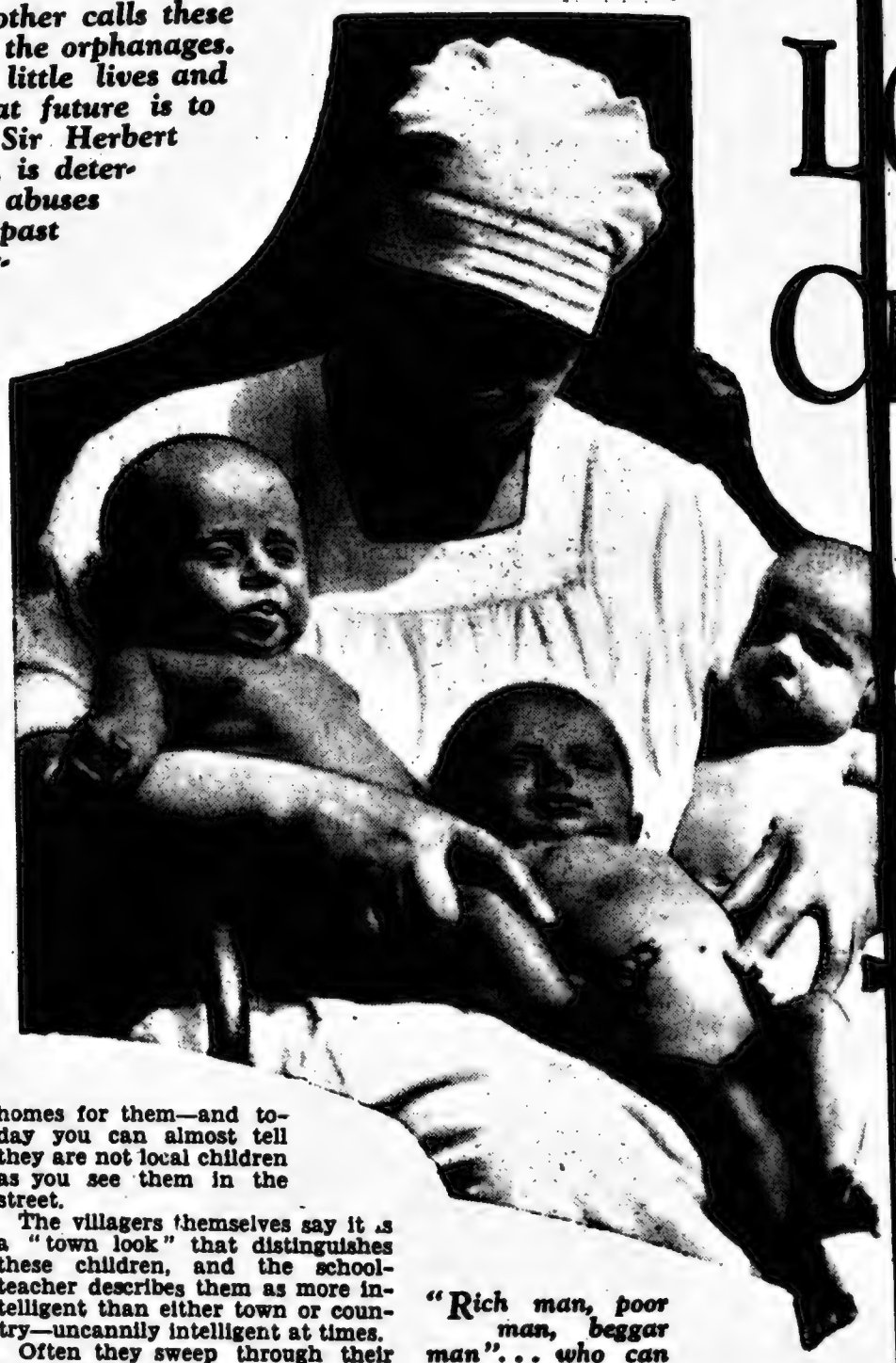
* * *

"Cuckoo" they say as he goes by. "Cuckoo" they say of thousands of children in scores and scores of villages throughout the kingdom. But that is a story in itself.

* * *

There is a village in East Anglia where half the children have been adopted by the villagers.

There are many more in Norfolk, Lincolnshire, Cambridge, and other agricultural counties where the percentage of adopted children is very high. Local vicars and social workers have looked out for good homes for them—and to-day you can almost tell they are not local children as you see them in the street.



"Rich man, poor man, beggar man"... who can read the future of the "babes who must gamble with their lives"?

The villagers themselves say it is a "town look" that distinguishes these children, and the schoolteacher describes them as more intelligent than either town or country—uncannily intelligent at times.

Often they sweep through their schools with great success and win scholarships to schools where they win still more scholarships.

And so people decide there must be something special about a town brain when brought up in country surroundings.

It is not surprising to find them in these places.

There is 8s. 6d. a week—sometimes 10s.—for adopting such a child. And when a farm labourer's hard-working wife adopts two it enables them to raise the standard of living for their own natural children.

Good, solid, homely homes, generally, with a few terrible exceptions.

"Cuckoo" says the village boy who lives with his own parents. But he doesn't really mean any harm, any more than he means harm by the name "Banana" that he applies to the Barnardo boy who has been adopted by the railway signalman down the lane.

For the little cuckoo girl is winning the smile of the boy at the big house near the canal bridge, and the cuckoo boy has already got his promise from the miller's daughter. And the doctor's son delights in taking the "Banana" boy on his motor-bike occasionally.

No, there is no snobbery about the children, no meanness, no condescension.

Somewhere some of these children have real mothers, mothers who have suffered these many years because the neighbours sneered when

N he OST HILDREN

Smilingly, a woman points a finger—the finger of Destiny for some little one

they had an illegitimate child and made them give it up.

But the children are not like that—although they say "Cuckoo" and "Banana."

* * *

One year a London typist went out on a great adventure—to marry in Shanghai Cathedral.

The next year they brought her baby home. She had died in that hour she had waited for so long and so hopefully, and her young husband followed her.

Her parents, tending the little child in their very poor East End home, received a letter from China that amazed them. It was from a wealthy Chinaman who knew the whole tragedy, who offered the child wealth, comfort of the kind that staggered them, everything she could have wanted—if she was sent back to China to him.

Their enquiries showed him to be a man beyond reproach. Humanity alone had moved him to write.

But they wrote and declined. Instead, they allowed her to be adopted by a hard-working, middle-aged couple on whom the Stork had never swooped. And they wonder to this day if they were right.

The Lost Mother

There is a very clever schoolmaster in a Cumberland village. He was an East Anglian "cuckoo" once.

But he was not adopted for payment. The people who picked him were well-to-do farmers, and he loved them as dearly as they loved him.

Then one day they told him. And they added, in reply to his impassioned questioning, that they did not know where his real mother could be found. They had not kept in touch with her. They had never even met her.

He broke their hearts by telling them he was going to London to search for her.

And search he did, visiting every adoption society, every children's welfare organisation, anybody who might be likely to help him. Until at last he found her.

The real mother and the mother who brought him up live together now. The old farmer, now dead, saw to that.

And if anybody maintains that women can't help being jealous, they should go to see these two.

* * *

Jim wasn't a bad-looking boy, really. Yet somehow it happened there was always a rather better looking boy in the orphanage when he was there, so that years went and nobody came to adopt him.

It was because he was so freckled, and lumbering and ungainly. He knew the reason quite well.

Hero's Reward

Then one day a car skidded. He saw a perambulator in its path, heard a screaming nursemaid. He jumped with those lanky legs of his, and the baby was safe.

He cried when he knew his leg would always have to be in irons. It was just as if the last hope had really gone. And then . . .

"Yes, I'll have him," said the man who came in the big car. "Brave little chap."

* * *

Not always do children cease to belong to the Legion of Lost Children when they find good homes.

So often the happiest children are inconsolable when they learn the truth for the first time, and grieve for the real parents, the parents they never saw and never heard of until they grew up.

The kindest woman in the world cannot replace a good mother—even if the mother is unmarried.

"One day we will learn that even the right place for the illegitimate child is with its mother," says the Director of the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children.

"One day we shall spend less time finding institutions and other homes for children and more helping the mother who really wants her child."

A boy will go back to such a mother when he is a grown-up man and knows the truth more readily than he will to a mother who could have kept him and let him go.

Goes back cursing every day he spent away from her. And yet the gossips continue to drive them away.

* * *

Some years ago a Polish nobleman, Count Raczynski, came to London to serve in his country's Embassy. While here he found a typical specimen of radiant English girlhood, and married her.

Last year she died. Her body was brought back to her native Chesterfield for burial. Her husband was heart-broken, for Miss Joyous Markham, one of a family famous in the Derbyshire coalfields, had been a woman in a million, a woman of such tremendous charm that she had made all the Polish women she met love all English women, although they had met but one.

Now the Count has one ambition. It is to find a poor Chesterfield orphan whom he can bring up as his own, having her ever near him so that Joyous Markham will be perpetuated as long as he has breath.

Cinderella is going to come true in Chesterfield. And at least one child born on the edge of the pit-shaft is just going to miss being chosen.

* * *

A man spent considerable time and money last week searching London for an institution or private home for his "motherless boy."

"Motherless boy" is a touching description, and he found no difficulty in getting sympathetic attention to the first part of his story.

And then they questioned him and learned the truth.

He was a man with a good income. His wife had died six years before. And he had found no difficulty in keeping his own child until he married another woman who had two children of her own.

In the hands of a stronger minded person than himself he allowed his own little son to become an unwanted brat.

The Great Reunion

Magnify such a case a thousandfold, and you still have no idea how many in this Legion of Lost Children have been turned out to make room for the second wife's family.

* * *

The war brought out real motherhood in countless ways—and in one unsuspected way.

Thousands of women who had parted with their baby boys grieved so deeply for the boys they had surrendered for ever that they could not rest content without knowing what had happened to them.

Those shells out on the battlefields of Flanders hacked at the hearts of those mothers who had never married just as surely and as cruelly as at the hearts of those who had kissed their boys good-bye at the local station. They searched the casualty lists as deeply, without knowing always what to look for.

Sometimes Records Offices of different regiments were able to help—but not always. Often the mothers set out on their own little crusades to find their sons.

How many were reunited as a result of the war will never be known. There is no record or institution that can help. There must have been very, very many.

* * *

They go to the slave-driver, many of these children; to the people who will want them as drudges when they are old enough to toil uncomplainingly. They go to the evil-minded some of them, and not always do they speak up to save themselves.

Many find acute misery and suffer it silently, believing in all simplicity that they were never intended for anything else.

One out of every four of those that are illegitimate are so shockingly treated that they are the subject of the attentions of the N.S.P.C.C. But the question of the savagery with which unwanted children are so often treated is another story, a story on which JOHN BULL has never been silent.

* * *

"The proper place for even the illegitimate child is in its mother's arms," said the Director of the N.S.P.C.C. to JOHN BULL. It is well worth repeating it.

If, of course, that mother is a good woman, and is yearning to keep it.

And who, thinking seriously over this Lost Legion of Children, will say that he is wrong?

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The Only Way Out of—

He *had* TO GO MAD

JOHN BULL READERS' STORIES (2)

THE SHOW *behind* THE SHOW

—In which Mr. Alfred Hill continues the reminiscences of his showman days and tells you of the tribulations of the professional fasting man

YOU can't help becoming smart and cute when you work on fair-grounds. In fact, I know showmen who can't read or write who have learnt so much that they could teach Wall Street a few points on certain matters of business.

One day, for instance, finding that I had failed as a fasting man, I immediately made myself a financial success by appearing as a lunatic—a man whose mind had been unhinged by his failure. Not even the City could think of such things as that.

But let me tell the whole story.

When I was winning some success as a fasting man I received a message asking me to go to Watford at once if I was prepared to undertake another fast. A woman who had undertaken to go thirty-five days without food was breaking down, and they wanted someone to take her place.

As soon as I arrived I saw how bad her plight was. Although she had been getting meals at night, whenever no members of the public were in the hall where she was being exhibited the whole clock round, the close confinement in rather wretched surroundings was proving too much.

She had appeared to make such a game fight, however, that the management hesitated to dismiss her summarily in case it aroused some feeling in the town. And so it was announced that I, the great Mr. Ilford Tanner, would do the fast instead, and that she would benefit financially as a result.

SHE was supposed to be carrying on the fast to win a hundred pound challenge. That, I might say, is the usual lie. I had persuaded the challenger to extend the same challenge to me, it was announced, and if I was successful I would share the hundred pounds with her.

Well, thanks to the meals that were smuggled in to me after I had carried out a few days of genuine fasting, it looked as though we were going to win—although, let me admit, that there was no hundred pounds waiting if I did.

And then a thunderbolt fell in the shape of an ultimatum from the local authorities telling us that certain structural alterations had to be made to the cabinet—a thing that was impossible in view of the fact that attendances had fallen off.

There was no escaping the obvious—the show had to be closed. The only matter worth troubling our heads about was how. Just to announce that I had failed in my fast as well as the lady would be to arouse public suspicion.

I asked the owners to leave it to me.

The next morning, after a few people had trickled into the show, I seized a chair in my hands, let out a bellow that suggested my mind had broken down, and set about the glasswork of my cage with right good will.

The people who were in the building rushed out with the news that I had gone mad. In fact, so well did I do the job that I was badly cut about the hands when people surged in to drag me out of the wreckage of the box. I carry the scars of those cuts to-day.

I can't say that the proprietor was pleased at first, when he surveyed the damage.

"Here," I told him, "is your excuse for ending the fast. You had to have one, and it had to be the right sort. You have to earn your living as a promoter and I as a serious fasting man.

"That being that," I continued, "I now go on show as the man who went mad. The town is bound to be talking about it, and they'll all want to see the man."

And as my boss saw for himself when the crowds poured in I was quite right.

It reminds me of yet another smash-up end to a fast—and there was a woman in that, too.

Mr. Arthur Burgess engaged this woman to fast at the Bijou Cinema, Camberwell. She was a very charming and pretty young woman, spoiled by the one fact that she drank heavily.

Now let me say at once that Mr. Burgess had no knowledge at all that that young woman was to be given food and drink while she was in the case.

JUST after the fast began Mr. Burgess's wife died, a fact that very much upset the woman in the fasting cabinet, to begin with. And within a few days of that some of her friends came in to tantalise her by displaying bottles of beer.

It was too much of a strain for her. She was not even prepared to wait until night-time for a bottle of beer. She therefore made some arrangement of her own for getting drink, an arrangement that I cannot understand to this day, and hid the bottles under her bed.

Constant dripping wears away a stone. Constant sipping from those beer bottles wore away the good resolutions of this fasting lady, I am afraid.

One day, when the general public entered the show and turned their gaze on the cabinet, they saw her standing with a bottle of beer brandished in each hand like Indian clubs and a look of intoxicated delight on her face.

We gave a plausible excuse to the spectators, and to our intense surprise it seemed to be accepted, for the story did not spread through the town, and the admission receipts did not fall off in the slightest. But worse was to follow.

A few days after we heard the most blood-curdling screams from the fasting cabinet. Dashing in, I found that a man connected with the show had broken into it and had flung his arm round the woman and was trying to kiss her.

I seized him none too gently to throw him out. In a second the glass cabinet was heaving over the whirling legs and arms of that man and myself, and a minute later it crashed to bits.

I was taken to a local hospital to have a cut hand stitched. And thence to Camberwell police station, where I was detained until early the next morning.

That evening I went down to the hall where the show had been to see what was happening. Outside was a notice to the effect that the lady had failed. The show was discontinued.

It seemed terribly unfair to me that the girl who had been attacked should be blamed. And I was infuriated with the man who behaved so badly while Mr. Burgess was suffering from the shock of his wife's death.

I went in front of the theatre and told the crowd the whole truth. Then I moved on to my next show.

I have to laugh to myself every time I read anything about fasts. I simply can't help it. As one of the three best-known fasting men in the country before the war, I know the tricks of the trade, and that makes it difficult for me to take any of them seriously.

Time and time again I have been supposed to have gone without food for forty days and forty nights, yet I may say here and now that I have never really gone much more than a fortnight without a good meal in my life.

In fact, I may as well be utterly candid while I am about it and admit that when I was in the Army during the war I—the famous Succi of many fasts—used to be one of the first to feel the pangs of hunger when the rations failed to turn up, and one of the noisiest in making a song about it.

EVERY fasting man or woman I've ever known has resorted to just the same tricks of getting food surreptitiously as I did.

I have never been as flagrant as Sacco Ricardo, who was billed everywhere as Sacco, just before the war broke out, and when fasts were taken much more seriously by the public than they are to-day.

He used to be served with six-course meals some nights while actually carrying out fasts, and when I was acting as his manager I used to walk about to find a new restaurant every night so that we would not create suspicion by always buying his food from the same place.

One day, while carrying out a fast, he was actually presented with a bill for the meals sent to him during the time he had been in the fasting cabinet!

Mark you, I am not setting myself out to write an exposure of the methods of my fasting colleagues. I have always taken the view that people who pay away good money to see their fellow-creatures suffer deserve to be deceived.

It is because there is a certain choice humour in their methods of getting sup-

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Your Story

—the Fasting Cabinet . . .

"I seized a chair, let out a bellow and set about the glasswork of my cage"

plies that I approach this part of my life story.

Sacco Oman—the other Sacco, an Austrian who, I believe, went back to his country just before war broke out—favoured meat tablets that were sewn up in the bedding which he took into his cabinet.

I myself preferred meat tablets served through the sliding sheet of glass known as "the doctor's panel." They were handed in to me at night by the doorkeeper when there were no members of the public about.

One fasting man used to have letters posted to himself containing blank sheets of paper. But between each folded sheet was a meat-cube that had been rolled thin through a mangle, and as he pretended to read the letter he slid the food into the palm of his hand and ate it at leisure.

Quite the neatest trick I ever struck consisted of moulding meat cubes into a special shape and sticking them on the woodwork inside the cabinet, as if they were part of the ornamentation, which was of the same colour.

It was by the merest accident that I found out Sacco Ricardo's system—although I was his manager. He was not like those other people who betrayed their secrets to me in the hope that I would tell them mine.

His trick was to send his doorman for whatever food he required.

BUT one day, right in the middle of a fast, this doorman walked out of the show, to the great horror of the man in the glass case. And Sacco, finding at last that hunger was too much to expect from any fasting man, took me into his confidence and pleaded for food.

Well, he got it. And I got an excellent lesson on how to improve myself as a fasting man.

Everybody who went to see Sacco was furnished with a seal which he could stick wherever he liked on the cabinet—anywhere where he suspected that food might enter. With one exception. No seal could be placed on the sliding glass panel at the back.

That was called "the doctor's panel," and was supposed to be to enable the visiting doctor to make his examination every morning.

Who could suspect that spot—when upon it were the doctor's own seals for anybody to see?

Yet that was where Sacco tricked the public. His doctor was anybody—rarely the same man two days in succession. And he was never a doctor. The so-called doctor's seals were in the possession of the night doorman, who gave him his food—the man who deserted him in the end.

In all his fasts, Sacco used to enter the cabinet wearing several waistcoats and a number of different undergarments. These he shed in turn to give the suggestion that he was getting thinner.

AND all the time he made judicious use of grease-paint and powder to make himself look as though he were getting more gaunt and ill every day.

How I used to laugh when newspapers fell for the reports that Sacco was sinking. . . . !

"Doctors alarmed at his condition!" Doctors indeed!

People running a fast certainly do get a local doctor at first to examine their fasting subject before he begins and give a certificate that he is healthy.

After that they put up fake bulletins, fake temperatures written on temperature charts that can be got from any chemist, fake weights.

But by displaying them under the medical certificate given in the first place, they suggest that everything is properly vouched for.

In fact, six people out of ten would believe that the doctor who signed that certificate was actually coming in every morning to examine the patient.

But I think I learned how to improve on Sacco.

MY own father was my "doctor." He had no medical qualification, but in his top hat and frock coat he looked the part, especially when a stethoscope dangled from his pocket.

So I had the benefit of having my "doctor" call in full view of the public every day.

Then again I used cigarette ash for my make-up. I knew just where to sketch the dreadful ashen lines. My theatrical experience taught me that.

I could actually grow more haggard in full view of the public—and they thought I was merely smoking a cigarette.

You might ask whether I have ever fasted at all genuinely. Well, I have.

When I undertook to fast for thirty-five days in High Road, Kilburn, I really fasted genuinely for more than a fortnight before I began eating secretly.

It was a terrible experience—almost as terrible as fasting men describe it to people who question them from outside the cabinet.

Nearly a fortnight of a twenty-eight days' "fast" on the Uxbridge Road, Shepherd's Bush, was also genuine. I noticed that the internal pains grew worse and worse up to the eighth day, and then began to relax.

But my biggest ordeal of all was when I actually undertook to go fourteen days without food, drink or a smoke in a hermetically sealed cabinet at Islington.

On each side of the cabinet was a cylinder of oxygen, which the public could see for itself.

But what it didn't see was a painted wire gauze roof that helped ventilation and a gap all round the cabinet at the bottom.

In fact, the cabinet did not stand on the floor at all, and great eddies of cool air came from down below—although bringing a few pounds of choking floor-dust with them.

Nevertheless I did genuinely go without food, drink or smoke for the first seven days, despite the half-pound of highly concentrated tablets I had sewn in a pillow.

Then a little card-manipulator I knew served me regularly with both milk and meat extract poured down one of the two tubes that were there ostensibly to supply the oxygen.

My last memory of that performance relates to when the cabinet was opened, when my mother was waiting to greet me.

It is of an old lady who danced round and round warning the management—and my mother—that the inrush of air would kill me when the thing was opened. The interior of the cabinet, she said, had become a vacuum, and the pressure of the incoming air would be terrible. . . . .

YET one fast came dangerously near to being entirely genuine. It was when an Australian offered to fast at half my rates at Long Wyre Street, Colchester.

They made the mistake of appointing me to watch him at night.

The time came when he asked for his food, and I laughed loud and long. "You have been employed as a fasting man," I said, "and you have got to fast."

He almost fainted at the news.

For days he pleaded, and finally he sent a wire to my manager, who was away arranging another show. I think he understood my motives, for he conveniently gave me another fast—at Northampton—at my full rates.

Otherwise that fasting man might really have fasted!

(To be continued.)

Next week's thrilling instalment tells how six out-of-work coloured seamen, who deceived London by becoming the Six Princes of Knobe, routed a frightened band of English boxers at the point of the assegai

MOLLY LEARNS FROM MOTHER

Molly: It's so hard thinking up new sweets for John's dinner. Most things are so expensive!
Mother: Why not a rice pudding — with Sun-Maid raisins. They're the juiciest, most delicious things you ever tasted. And *clean*—you can use them straight from the packet.

Molly (*next day*): How *easy* these Sun-Maids are to use, too. All stoned! Why — stoning takes a whole hour generally! . . . This pudding looks good!

John (*that evening*): Old Jim would like this pudding—let's have it when he comes next week. Never knew a pudding could be so good—suppose it's the raisins that do it.

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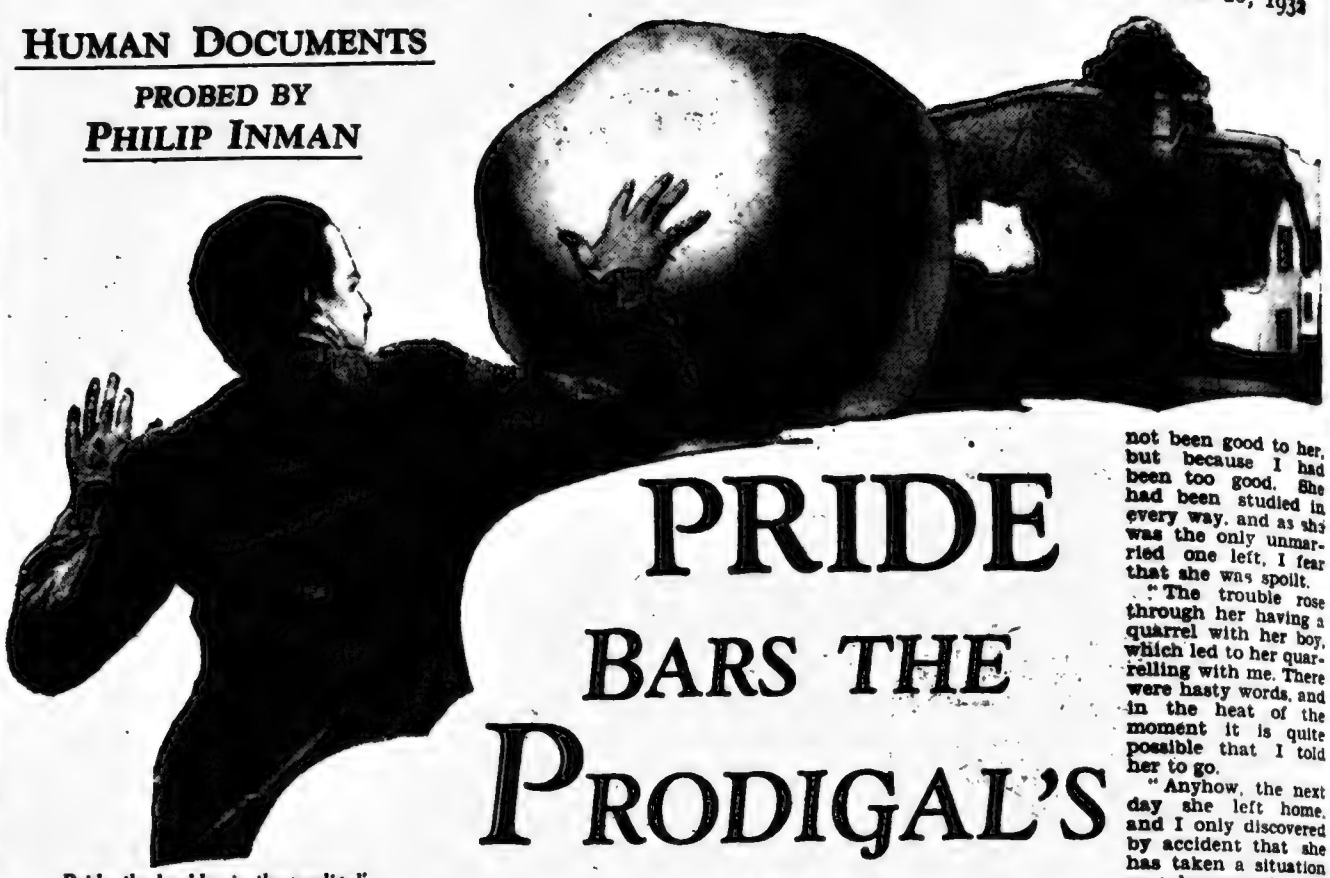

Pride, the boulder in the prodigal's path back to home, looks immovable . . . but it isn't

PRIDE BARS THE PRODIGAL'S PATH

"PRIDE goeth before a fall"—so the old proverb says. But does it? A lot depends on the pride. There are times when it is a virtue and not a vice. For instance, the pride of a man in his work, of a woman in her home and children, of achievement that has been well earned and richly deserved. Then it is an attribute that is to be commended.

But there is another and a baser kind—one that is allied to boastfulness and conceit, that is the twin of snobbery, that makes people "cocky" without any cause.

But there is still a third type, neither virtuous nor vicious, but rather to be pitied. Here is an example: Two friends have a bitter quarrel, and neither of them will take the first step on the road to reconciliation.

"I have my pride," says one. "I have my pride, too," answers the other. And that spirit is the barrier which keeps them from making it up.

One of my correspondents has just written me this letter:

* * *

"I am a young man of twenty-three, and at my wit's end to know what to do. When I was eighteen I got a job as a traveller, and, earning a decent salary, I proceeded to have a good time.

"Dances, card-playing and theatres—these were some of the things I lived for. They kept me out late at night, and often I returned home in the early hours.

"For a time my parents, beyond mildly reproaching me, allowed things to go on, and then, one night, my father waited up for me. He told me that if I could not mend my ways I must find other quarters. The next morning I took him at his word.

"Soon afterwards I lost my job, and though I have tried hard to find other work I am still one of the great army of unemployed.

"I can see how foolish I have been, and I admit I was at fault, but I cannot pocket my pride and ask to go home until I am on my feet again. Yet it is impossible to go on much longer like this, for there are days when I have practically no food at all. What would you do if you were in my place?"

* * *

Now, let us get to the root of this problem. My correspondent admits quite frankly that he was at fault. And that is something to the good.

There is another point in his favour. Though he has been and is still in desperate straits, he has not gone whining to his parents. He is anxious to "make good" before he asks to be received back home again.

He asks what I would do if I were in his place? Well, I would write a letter to my father on these lines:

"Let me confess quite frankly that I have been a fool. I would like to come home, but that would not be fair, for I am out of work and I should only be a drag on you. But will you please forgive me for all the trouble I have caused?"

And if in reply that father should say, "Come home now—you are still our son—we want you as you are—we will help you," then he ought to accept that offer and thank God for such a parent.

If, however, he receives a different kind of reply, then he must struggle on until he finds work and gets on his feet again. In these days that is not an easy task, but it is the only course left to him.

And if, in the meantime, anything should happen to his parents, he will have this consolation—he will know that he has tried to make friends with them, and he will not have the regrets he would have if he refuses to pocket his so-called pride.

This young fellow's problem has something in common with one that is submitted by a woman reader. Here it is:

"Dear Humanist,—Tell some of us mothers this—Should we be the first to give in to our children when there has been a quarrel between us? Last February my girl left home, not because I had not been good to her, but because I had been too good. She had been studied in every way, and as she was the only unmarried one left, I fear that she was spoilt.

"The trouble rose through her having a quarrel with her boy, which led to her quarrelling with me. There were hasty words, and in the heat of the moment it is quite possible that I told her to go.

"Anyhow, the next day she left home, and I only discovered by accident that she has taken a situation as a housemaid a few miles away.

"She has not even let me know her address nor has she sent me a single penny, yet I understand she is spending her money recklessly whilst we are very badly off. We have only 23s. means test to live upon, and I have had to sell my piano to keep the home going.

"Her married brother knows where she lives, but as she is twenty-four years old I do not think there is any need for me to run after her like a child."

* * *

Let me admit that I have very little sympathy with that girl.

If she is squandering money recklessly when she knows that her parents are in need, she ought to be thoroughly ashamed of herself.

But I would not allow even that to stand in the way of a reconciliation. My correspondent tells me that she has a married son who knows where his sister lives. I suggest that he should be asked to act as an intermediary and arrange for that mother and daughter to be brought together?

And this word "pride" plays a big part in my next problem. A man has written me this letter:

"I have a wife and two children who are very precious to me. Up to three years ago I was in a fairly good position, but lately things have gone badly with me, and not only am I heavily in debt through no fault of my own, but we are almost on the verge of destitution.

"When I was comfortably off I helped an old school-fellow of mine who was then in dire need. As a result he started to make headway, and he is now the owner of quite a prosperous business.

"I am blessed or cursed with an independent nature, and I hate the idea of asking for his help, although I feel he would give it to me if he knew of my plight."

* * *

Independence, like pride, may be a good quality or a bad one. In this case I think it is definitely bad. One good turn deserves another. My correspondent helped his friend in the time of his need. And that friend, if he is worthy of the name, will respond in a like manner.

If only for the sake of his wife and children, who are "precious to him," my correspondent should shed his independence.

Who knows but that that temporary help may not be the turning-point in his fortune, as it was in the case of his friend?

After his kind action of a few years ago, my correspondent should have no qualms in asking for assistance now.

IF you are in trouble, do not hesitate to ask "Humanist" for guidance. Enclose a stamped addressed envelope with your letter to "Humanist." One guinea will be paid to every reader whose letter he quotes.

"The Greatest of These—"

Lend a HAND!

AN ex-Service man is nearly worried into his grave because he has failed to keep the roof over his family's head. He tried boot-repairing, but could not continue for want of capital. He managed for a time to get a living by hawking, but illness intervened and his stock vanished.

His three children were taken into homes. His wife, who has been seriously ill in hospital, where her baby was born a month ago, is expecting to be discharged shortly. There is no home for her to come back to.

Again, there is the wife of an ex-Service man who has been out of work for eighteen months. He gives her his unemployment pay of 31s. 3d., which has to supply the needs of herself, husband and four young children. Their rent, too, is in arrears, and eviction is threatened.

And there is a poor man with tuberculosis in both lungs. His two eldest boys have been taken away, but there is still his wife and baby son. He should enter a sanatorium, but has not the necessary fare or clothing.

These are authentic cases of hard luck which have come to our notice through our "Greatest of These—" Fund, and for which we make an earnest appeal.

Donations should be addressed to the Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, and will be acknowledged where names and addresses are given.

813 PRIZES FOR DIPLOMA LIMERICKS

£50

FIRST PRIZE

1st PRIZE £50
2nd PRIZE £5
3rd PRIZE £2
10 PRIZES of £1 EACH
50 10/- POSTAL ORDERS
500 2/6 POSTAL ORDERS
CONSOLATION GIFTS 250 PEN SETS

A Bishop from Notting Hill Gate
Once went on an ice rink to skate;
But not having the knack,
He was soon on his back

CONDITIONS.

The Proprietors of 'Diploma' Crustless Cheese offer a first prize of £50 and other prizes, as stated, for a best last line to this Limerick. Write your last line on a piece of paper and attach the small coloured label from a portion of 'Diploma' Crustless Cheese (either Cheddar, Cheshire, or Dunlop), or label from 'Diploma' Milk, 'Coronet' Milk, 'Regal' Milk or 'Moonraker' Empire Cheese. Send as many attempts as you like, which may all be written on one sheet, but for each must be attached a label. The Managing Director's decision is final and legally binding. Address to

Competition (Dept. 7)
WILTS UNITED DAIRIES LTD., TROWBRIDGE.

CLOSING DATE:
Entries must reach us not later than **Friday, September 16, 1932.**

RESULT:
A complete list of winners will be forwarded by post to every competitor.

DIPLOMA
The *English* CRUSTLESS CHEESE

D. 233

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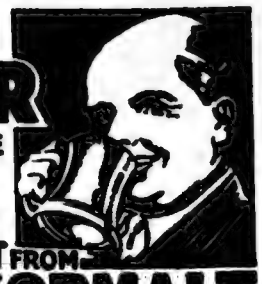

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DRAGES
£10 BONUS

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Iron Jelloids are pleasant and easy to take. They do not injure or blacken the teeth; nor cause indigestion.

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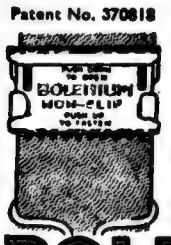
632

Here's a Buckle that cannot shift . .

Patent No. 370818



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FOR COUGHS, COLDS, CATARRH, HOARSENESS, BRONCHIAL TROUBLE, HAY FEVER

Willing My Team to WIN

"Into those sixty minutes I crowded all the excitement of sixty years"

MY GREATEST HOUR

by Herbert Chapman,

the Famous Secretary-Manager of the Arsenal Football Club

AS I have lived all my working life for football and in football, it is not surprising that the greatest hour I can remember should be intimately connected with the game. There is nothing that I can remember which will ever bring to me the thrill of the occasion about which I now write.

I was then the manager of Huddersfield Town Club—and it was a task that needed not only great patience and knowledge of the game, but it also needed unquenchable courage.

Every follower of football will recall that at the time of which I speak Huddersfield Town had been under a cloud. There had been poor gates; public interest seemed definitely to have gone over to the handling code. Indeed, at one moment, it appeared as though Soccer, from the First League standpoint in the city, was doomed.

We could not afford to pay much for our players—and those who know anything of the building of first-rate teams will know what a handicap that can be, especially when the players on our books, good as they were, were many of them approaching the "veteran" stage in the game.

Fate's little jest

Well, to concentrate on the one particular hour in my life I shall for ever remember. . . . Most professional football clubs rely to a great extent on the luck of the draw in the English Cup to replenish their coffers.

If the fates are kind and they are drawn against a team which is high in the popular estimation, then they are almost certain to get a "gate" running well into the thousands; and should they win, and be equally lucky when the next round comes, the golden lining appears to lighten the cloud of depression caused by indifferent "gates" for League matches.

Naturally enough, we at Huddersfield awaited the draw for the first round proper with ill-concealed anxiety. When we found against whom we had been drawn—well, our hearts sank into our boots.

For fate had decided that we should be matched with Burnley. Now, Burnley at that time was the "star" team of the League championship. They had ended the previous season with an unbeaten record that surpassed anything previously accomplished.

And we were drawn at Burnley! Was it any wonder that the supporters of Huddersfield gave themselves up to the gloomy reflection that the first round would be our last, and that we should have to wait another season before we had even a chance to achieve anything like success.

I did my utmost during the week to make our team believe that it was going to achieve the seemingly impossible and beat Burnley, but when Saturday afternoon arrived and my men took the field, I was in such a state of "nerves" that I could not keep still.

Two goals down

The game started. Burnley, conscious of their superiority, set about their task as though we were the easiest "meal" they had enjoyed for a long time. They scored—and my heart went into my boots, for no one knows better than I do that a first goal in a Cup-tie often is the deciding factor.

Half an hour went by—an hour to go; and into those sixty minutes I crowded all the excitement of sixty years.

Every movement of every player became photographed on my mind. I could to this very day give you a diagrammatic impression of the match, showing where the moves originated, how they were countered, where mistakes occurred, and how luckily they were covered.

Soon we were two goals down—and I confess that for the first time I really gave up hope. I did not see how we could possibly save the game. As for the Burnley supporters, they had begun to chant, "One—two—three—four—five!" urging on their team to overwhelm us.

Fortunately for Huddersfield, our defence, though shaken, did not collapse. They stuck to their task, and although twenty minutes before the final whistle went we were still facing a two-goals deficit, they tackled as keenly as though we were leading.

I could not sit in the stand. I went down to the touch-line, sitting beside the trainers and a little knot of ambulance men. All the time my feet were going right and left in keeping with whoever was kicking the ball on the field.

Twice I kicked the shin of a constable next to me, apologised—then did it again! But I could not take my eyes off the field. The ball, when our men got it, seemed to swell to ten times its size, and even when we did get near the Burnley goal, I told myself, in my over-excited state, that it could *not* be got between the posts.

Then we had a break-away—a quick sprint up the wing, and the ball came sailing into the centre. I jumped to my feet, crying to our centre-forward to get up and meet it; urging him by voice and action to make a supreme effort.

Ah! I felt my heart pounding against my ribs, my legs shaking beneath me. The ball was met fair and square and flashed into the corner of the net, and before I could even raise a finger, the referee was pointing to the centre of the field.

All around me a crescendo of sound ebbed and flowed like a mighty wave of cheers and counter-cheers; and through it all I remained like a man bereft of his six senses.

I felt that if I took my attention off the game for a second we should be lost. My eyes seemed to be staring right out of my head. I know that they were glaring, because the trainer told me afterwards that he was frightened by their fixed, uncanny stare!

The miracle

A quarter of an hour—ten minutes—eight—seven—six!

All the time my mind was willing, willing my men to win. I concentrated fiercely. We *must* score again; we must, we *must!*

Over and over again I repeated the words; over and over again I ground one clenched fist into the palm of my other hand, urging, compelling.

And then! With five minutes to go, one of our half-backs—a great worker, but a man who had never as a professional footballer scored a goal—equalised with a cross-shot from long range!

Oh! The blood thudded into my temples. I blinked as the ground seemed to be coming up at me, fighting against the rising excitement which I knew I must combat if I were to retain my senses.

A wild hullaballoo arose around me. Our supporters, almost mad with excitement and the partisan spirit, cheered themselves hoarse, flung caps and coats and sticks high into the air.

Those last few minutes seemed an eternity. I felt as a condemned man must feel while the last dread seconds of his life's span are trickling away, and the hope of reprieve is dying dreadfully in his tortured heart.

I know that I was on my feet, beseeching, begging, daring our men to give in *now*.

I remember dimly that the crowd packed round me jeered at me, yelling "Go back to the stand!" "Get into the dressing-room, man, you're daft!" But I *had* to remain.

I daren't take my eyes off the game for a second, not even to steal a furtive look at my watch, which by now I had in my hands, waving it from side to side.

I was telling one man to do this, the other to do that, knowing in my heart that they could not possibly hear a syllable because of the waves of crowd-cries that broke over the ground.

Would it never end? I felt that another minute would be the end of me; the strain was too enormous, too exacting.

Every pulse in my body was crying out for rest and quietness when—"Phee-eep!" Time—time at last, and miraculously we lived to fight another day!

Glorious finale

The rest is football history. We defeated Burnley in the replay and went on to beat "Proud Preston" in the Final.

No, I shan't forget that hour! Perhaps the only sixty minutes I can remember that even approaches it was when I sat alone in my home waiting for the telegram that should tell me whether my son had passed his solicitor's final!

And even the relief when news of success came in the fifty-ninth minute of that hour, I am not so sure that it even began to approach the load that slipped from my mind as the cheeriest and most welcome solo on the whistle I have ever heard broke over the Burnley ground on that never-to-be-forgotten afternoon!

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£700 Cash Won in "John Bull's" Crossword Competition No. 178

In the above Competition, correct solutions were received from the following two competitors, who share the £500 offered. To each of them, subject to the conditions of the competition, a cheque for £250 will be sent.

J. W. Lapham, 39, Wargen Avenue, Milton, Portsmouth.
A. Whittaker, 31, St. Stephen Square, Salford.

Any other entrant who claims to have sent a solution eligible for a share of this prize must demand a scrutiny by First Post, Tuesday, September 20th, sending £1 Scrutiny Fee, copy of solutions and Postal Order number. Envelope to be registered, marked "Scrutiny" and addressed to the Competition Editor of "John Bull." No scrutiny can be undertaken in connection with the Award of £100 to Runners-up. This prize has been divided between 31 competitors from whom we received solutions containing one error and who will each receive £3 4s. 7d. A list of these Runners-up can be seen at the "John Bull" offices and all have been notified. As announced, an extra £100 will be divided between the Runners-up from whom two sixpenny coupons were received in the same envelope.

BONUS WINNERS IN CROSSWORD No. 178: The extra £100 Bonus offered in this contest has been divided between 15 entrants and payments of £6.13.4 each are being despatched accordingly.

Another Splendid X-Word, with a huge 2-in-1 First Prize, appears on Page 32. Try Your Skill Now.

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"This time last year," he states, "I was completely bald. My hair had fallen out in patches, and even medical treatment failed to arrest the baldness. Finally, I had not a hair on my head.

"I then used Kotalko, and the results have been amazing. My friends marvel at the complete new hair growth which was brought on by the use of Kotalko."

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Please send me, post paid, Testing Box of KOTALKO, with directions, for which I enclose threepence in stamps.

Name .....

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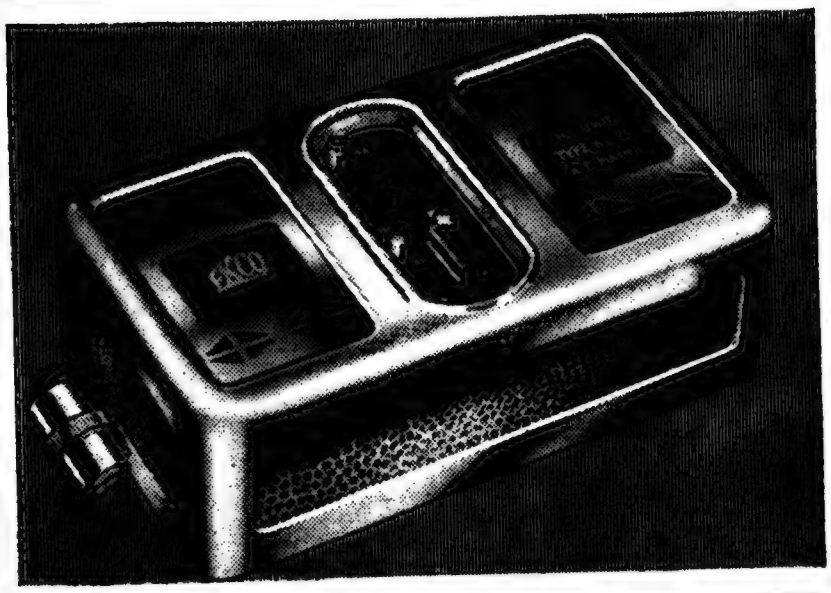

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THIS human document comes from a "John Bull" reader. We print it because we feel that it reveals the tragic plight of many others—those who were morally wrecked in the storm of war and who flounder on still, pitiable derelicts, on the calmer waters of peace

THE MAN WITH SHELL-SHOCKED Morals

The inferno of war has left its malevolent echo in his throbbing brain . . . he staggers through life, tormented and fearful of the future

FORTY years old this very day! All last night I lay awake thinking and thinking. Like a squirrel in a cage I arrived nowhere: my thoughts brought me no comfort, only foreboding, until, desperately, I rose hurriedly and dressed, and set off through the silent, warm streets trying to walk down the bogey of depression.

There must be so many like myself, product of the pre-war generation, having taken, as it were, a post-graduate course in "moderns," who at forty find themselves on the brink of the hill that leads down to Eternity.

They, like myself, must have tried to balance the profit and loss of their lives, with what result? There's the rub: the balance so many of us have to show is negligible—less than negligible.

Take my own case. I was twenty-two when the war broke out. Yes, I know it is bad form to discuss the war to-day; everyone wants to forget it.

Why, I saw recently that some humanitarian wants all the war trophies scrapped altogether, or, at best, hidden from sight, lest they should serve to remind us of those years of conflagration.

Well, I'm not going to stress the war, save in its effect on my life afterwards. I came back suffering from shell-shocked morals. You think that humorous? It isn't.

You see, you can receive treatment for shell-shocked nerves; shell-shocked morals do not appear to answer to any treatment. At least, mine did not.

Living as one did in momentary expectation of sudden death in any and every horrible form, one grew to live only for the moment. What did anything else matter—home, wife, family?

Why not take what offered in the way of consolation and forgetfulness, even if it meant breaking a commandment; meant cohabiting for an evening with someone whose favours one had bought, whose passion was simulated, yet whose acting was good enough for the soldier with Death on his collar day and night.

THEN . . . the return home, safe—safe when one's friends, infinitely more worthy of mercy, had been left behind, buried (what was left of them) in a trench parapet may be, or, if they were very fortunate, placed to rest in a war cemetery, a blanket as coffin, a tin hat on a roughly-carved cross from a ration box as their memorial stone.

Just for a few brief weeks the shell-shocked morals responded to the novelty of home life; regular meals, clean sheets; quiet instead of pandemonium; a good wife, instead of those not so good women, who had sufficed over there.

But it could not and did not last. Then began a feverish search for—for what? God knows! A search that led to many an evening of—well, not pleasure—and mornings of bitter repentance.

It could not go on, and it did not.

Divorce followed. I sat in the court and heard my case—oh yes, undefended. It lasted exactly three minutes. I remember quite well that I listened with quite a lot of interest. It did not seem to be me who figured in it.

MORE months of sordid drifting, urged on by a demon of restlessness. Then another marriage, another effort to capture happiness. Once again the shell-shocked morals lay low; once again a new face, pretty ways, another family triumphed.

Now, at forty years of age, I try to take stock. I know in my heart that I can never find happiness in my home, never find contentment.

I know that at any moment my fibre-weakened morals will give way again, and once more—although I know in my heart that the end is utter desolation—I shall set forth on the journey in search of something, somebody to soothe the demands which the nervous system makes for change.

Does anyone know a cure? Religion? Forgive me if I cannot even try that panacea. I believe in a God, a Supreme Being, but that belief still leaves me dreadfully, utterly afraid in the long night watches.

I envy those who can pour forth their souls in prayer, who find consolation and help in the practice of creeds. For me there remains but a husk. Religion, as religion, appears so hollow, such a mockery.

Unless one can hypnotise oneself into the belief that the straw at which we clutch so frantically is a lifebelt, what use to struggle? We all must drown in the end.

Ambitions I had as a youth, of course. To-day they are gone, and with them the desire to achieve anything but . . . but what? That is the greatest puzzle of all. For what is one striving?

SOON I shall be fifty; perhaps sixty, seventy years may roll over my head. To what purpose? What can give me back a real joy in the little things of life: an afternoon spent on a river's bank, flat on one's back, idly watching the clouds play "touch" with each other; "cricket," with a walking-stick for a bat, an ancient tennis ball, and a withered tree stump for wickets; the simple joys of domestic life.

Yet I see other men of apparently my age enjoying these things. Did they escape the scourge of war, or did they keep their nerve—and their morals—unharmed by the inferno?

Curiously enough, I had never visualised *being* forty. Now, with the prospect before me, I am literally terrified. It is as though someone had flung aside a curtain that had hidden the door through which I must pass.

I've peeped inside that door . . . dark, and growing darker as the steep hill to which it leads winds away so rapidly.

I know that now my foot is set upon that road, I shall start to drop down that hill at a tremendous pace, yet clutching desperately at every blade of grass that may check my descent even for a second.

Shall I drift from home and wife again? Shall I ever find secure anchorage?

Forty years of age! And shaking with sheer panic at what the future means for me. . . .

Race with "Silver Ring"

The Biggest Lottery

WITH the weights for the Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire published, racegoers can have another attempt at bringing off racing's greatest gamble—the Autumn "double."

At first glance I like the following:

CESAREWITCH.	CAMBRIDGESHIRE.
Nitsichin	St. Oswald
Udaipur	Firdaussi
Sandy Lashes	Venturer

All of these, if mixed up, should return "double" odds of over 500 to 1.

Alexandra Park stages another interesting card this week-end, and I hope our good luck at the North London venue does not desert us.

Sea Joy, Home Run and Gangster read as likely winners, but if there is a need to revise any of the trio I will make use of the Code. These selections, by the way, are still well on top.

Gold Bridge, who dead-heated at York at 11 to 2, was followed up by Shell of Gold, 6 to 1, at Gatwick, Claymore, 13 to 8, Home Run, 9 to 4, Ilion, evens, at Derby, and Ka-Lee, 4 to 1, at Brighton.

"SILVER RING'S" CODE

The Code for this week is as follows. It covers racing from Thursday, September 8, to Wednesday, September 14.

P	V	B	X	E	S	Z	O	M	Y	A	T	N	G	K	Q
C	R	D	H	I	F	J	U	L	W	98	97	96	95	94	93

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald* read those above or below, as the case may be. Example:

P9896SEIMB would read CANFIELD.

Where a double letter occurs in the name of a horse the figure 2 is substituted. Example:

FPU2C would read SCOOP.

QUALITY *and* QUANTITY

—the wonderful blend that makes

Player's Please

PLAYER'S NAVY CUT. REGISTERED TRADE MARK

5 FOR 3D

10 FOR 6D 20 FOR 11½D

Save your Player packets for the Imperial Tobacco Company's POSTER COMPETITION..

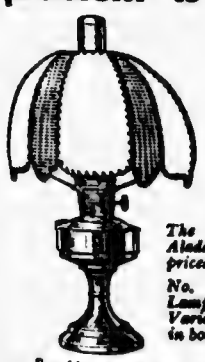
£20,000 IN CASH PRIZES

Ask your Tobacconist for particulars

N.C.C. 130 D

ONE LITTLE WORD—

and a big household problem is solved!



The Cottage model Super-Aladdin Lamp illustrated is priced at 42/- (shade extra).

No. 12 model Aladdin Lamps from 33/- upwards. Various styles and finishes in both models are available.

Say Aladdin to your ironmonger and get the most up-to-date lighting method in existence! For between Aladdin lamps and other oil lamps there is a world of difference. Aladdin light is scientifically perfect and trouble-free—preferred by thousands of users to gas light or electric light. Aladdin light is amazingly economical—*it costs less than a farthing an hour to maintain.* Aladdin light, which is magically produced from ordinary paraffin, is equal to daylight and very nearly as cheap. Just as clear and white and brilliant. Just as clean, silent and harmless to the eyes. Just as safe and beneficial! No wonder there is a growing preference for this artificial daylight brought to your home by a neat and pleasingly finished lamp.

FROM ALL FIRST-CLASS IRONMONGERS

ALADDIN INDUSTRIES LIMITED, 254, ALADDIN BUILDING, GREENFORD, MIDDLESEX. London Showrooms: 48 Mortimer Street (near Oxford Circus), W.1. Paris: 149 Boulevard Ney.

INTIMATE FACTS WHICH YOU OUGHT TO KNOW

Too Shy to Ask

Many a woman has sacrificed her looks and her health out of a sense of mistaken modesty. Little symptoms connected with the proper functioning of her skin and internal membranes are ignored, although an understanding of their true significance would have prevented the development of graver troubles. Every woman, whether married or unmarried, may now possess a copy of an excellent free booklet published by the proprietors of Milton, called "Yes . . . but how shall I look ten years from now?" In this book you will learn, as from a doctor (it is, as a matter of fact, written by one), the secrets of hygiene that will make so much difference every day now as well as at the most critical periods of your life.

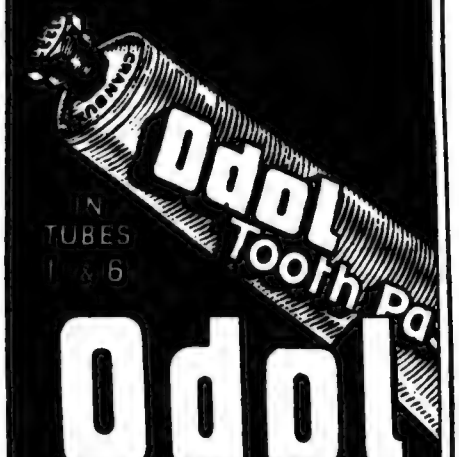
A line to the "Woman's Department" of Milton, whose address is 12, Brewery Road, London, N.7, will bring you a copy under plain sealed cover.

SHARD BLADES

Obtainable at all dealers, including Boots' Branches, Taylors, Parkes, Halford's, Timothy Whites, W. H. Smith & Son, Wyman's, etc.

C. L. SHARD & Co. Ltd., 212-214 Gt. Portland St., W.1

Gently and safely it polishes and whitens the teeth



Odol TOOTH PASTE

Makes teeth like pearls

BRITISH MADE FOR BRITISH TEETH

Garland J.B.

A FREE SAMPLE OF BONDMAN TOBACCO

in return for a postcard!

To introduce Bondman Empire Blend Tobacco, a generous free sample is offered to every reader of "John Bull" on p. 25 Take advantage of this free offer now while you think of it by sending a postcard to Richard Lloyd and Sons, 83, Clerkenwell Rd., London, E.C.1 (branch of Cope Bros. and Co., Ltd.). Be sure to mention "John Bull" when writing.

TO RHEUMATIC AND KIDNEY SUFFERERS

Chemical analysis and the microscope prove conclusively that Rheumatism, Kidney and Stomach disorders, Backache, etc., are directly caused by acids, germs, and other impurities in the blood.

It is universally admitted that a large proportion of all ills and weaknesses—from tuberculosis to a common cold—are directly due to toxins, germs, acids, or other impurities in the blood. For instance, uric acid causes rheumatism, lumbago, sciatica, neuritis, etc., whereas stomach acids cause dyspepsia. "Trying to get rid of the ailments without purifying the blood is merely wasting time," says a high medical authority. When diseases reach an advanced stage, physicians combat the poisons by inoculation, but the better way is to act before this becomes necessary. If you purify the blood by stimulating the liver, flushing the kidneys, and thoroughly washing out the intestines, there will be no breeding places from which disease germs can be absorbed into the blood. Prove for yourself the truth of this by drinking before breakfast a glass of alkaline medicinal water prepared by adding a level teaspoonful of 'Alkia Saltrates,' which is obtainable at little cost from any chemist. This produces a refreshing tonic-aperient drink that will soon neutralise and wash out the acidulous impurities and flush the kidneys. Repeat this treatment for two or three days and see how quickly your pains and ailments disappear as a plainly noticeable improvement in your health, vitality and disease-resisting power takes place.

DRINK HOT WATER TO KEEP SLIM

Some time ago, Miss Gracie Fields announced that she had signed a pledge "in the interest of health and a trim, slender figure" to drink hot water every morning. This is an example which everyone who wants to keep slim should follow. A great deal of unsightly fatness is the result of waste material and toxins being retained in the system. If you want a slim figure you must keep nature's filtering and eliminating organs functioning properly. To make sure of this, add to your morning drink of hot water a little 'Limestone' Phosphate, which any chemist can supply at two shillings a quarter pound. This will flush the liver and kidneys, and keep these important organs so healthy and active that indigestible waste material will be completely eliminated, thus overcoming one of the commonest causes of surplus fat.

FREE

SKIN DISEASES AND BAD LEGS.

Sufferers should not despair, but should write to us without delay, when **ONE WEEK'S FREE TREATMENT** will be sent to any address along with our Booklet of Testimonials telling of the wonderful cures of skin diseases we have made, when other treatments have failed.
Send 3d. in stamps to cover postage and packing.
Address: Dept. 17, TOM WARD Ltd.
Medical Skin Specialists,
BRADFORD, YORKS.
Also 572, CHESTER ROAD OLD TRAFFORD, MANCHESTER.

MARRY—WATCH. Twenty-Five!

Marrying 'em by the dozen at a London church — and they are all under twenty-five!

MARRY in haste and repent at leisure is an old adage that needs bringing up to date. It might, in fact, be replaced by another—Leave it too late and you will ne'er find a mate.

Statistics, those dry-as-dust figures from which we recoil, may contain all the stuff of life and love.

Take, for example, the marriage odds as they have been mathematically worked out by experts. They reveal some startling facts, showing the part played by Time in the activities of the little love-god.

Girls who realise that there can be for them no fuller happiness in life than married happiness should beware of placing career before affairs of the heart.

In every woman's life there is a peak point when her chances of finding her true mate are at their zenith.

After that point those chances decline with mathematical precision until they are gone for good.

That peak point is touched when the twenty-fifth birthday is reached. Women who have not married by then have a chance of becoming brides that diminishes year by year.

The majority of girls marry between the ages of twenty-one and twenty-five.

Girls marry between those ages because they are then in full bloom and at their most alluring for the other sex.

* * *

Of course, the reader may say that girls of fewer years are even more lovely, that sweet seventeen is the time when womanhood flowers most graciously.

Girls between the ages of seventeen and twenty-one actually have a six-to-one chance against marriage.

The reasons are not difficult to understand. A girl of eighteen may fall in love, become engaged. But the chances are that she will have to wait while her lover makes his way in the world.

But she should not wait too long.

Wise parents do not stand in the way of the marriage of young couples who have to start life on slender purses. The years of youth are precious years. They are better shared, though the sharing involves self-sacrifice and hard work.

Between twenty-one and twenty-five seven women out of ten enter wedlock. That means the vast majority.

By thirty the chances have declined to something approaching the zero point. Between thirty-five and forty the actual odds against a woman finding a husband are twenty to one against.

* * *

Between those ages a woman's charms, though often considerable, cannot compete with those of girls at the heyday of their bloom.

The woman who defers marriage until thirty has passed merely drifts towards spinsterhood, surrounded on every side by increasing numbers of rivals.

As her attractiveness is tempered by Time, Time is putting the finishing touches on cheek and lips, on limbs and form of her newly fledged rivals.

There is, too, another process at work. Spinsterhood becomes a habit, and with every year understanding of the opposite sex decreases.

It is a strange but true fact that girls in their twenties make friends more naturally, more spontaneously, with men than do women in middle life.

The girl of twenty-four or so goes out to meet life and her destiny with fearless eyes. The woman of thirty is conscious of fear. She desires marriage, a home, children. But she fears change.

Many women about this period see slipping the last chances of self-fulfilment. The knowledge comes with the force of a shock.

What is to be done about it?

Generally this discovery results in a fierce attempt to attract a mate. And here comes in the last irony.

Men recoil from the woman who pursues; they are the natural hunters and draw back before advances from the other sex.

As every acute observer of life knows, many women who never marry possess every qualification to fit them as wives and mothers.

It is their tragedy that they have never met the man with sufficient insight to recognise their worth. So, too often, as these hard, unrelenting figures show, they pass along the years alone to old age.

It is a proverb that widows are dangerous. They are so for the man who desires to remain single. Widows have a habit of marrying again. With them the time factor does not seem to matter very much.

* * *

Take, for example, widows of thirty years of age. Figures show that the overwhelming majority of them remarry within twelve months.

Why? Ask a doctor, and he will answer: Because marriage prolongs a woman's charms.

There is another reason. Widows understand men.

It is a striking fact that widows of forty possess for men more charm than girls of twenty-eight. Yet that this is so is proved by statistics.

One reason for this state of things is the simple one that most widows who remarry in middle life marry widowers.

The man who has been left with several children to bring up prefers to provide them with a mother who can bring experience of marriage to bear. The spinster bride of thirty does not attract him. With younger women he would have but little in common.

Nowadays, when economic pressure makes marriage difficult for many men under thirty, parents should ponder the problems of their daughters.

Which is better for Miss Twenty-six—a partnership in which she still has for some years to earn, or a heartbreak period of waiting?

Many young couples nowadays prefer to chance poverty rather than lose the precious years. And they are wise.

* * *

What about men?

Figures show that few men marry under twenty; that from twenty to twenty-five the odds are five to one in favour of marriage. Thereafter the odds change.

Men between twenty-five and thirty have odds of three to one against them. Every year thereafter the figures show that a man is progressively more likely to remain a bachelor.

SIDE-Slips

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelope "Slips." When a "slip" is sent in by more than one reader the prize is awarded to the first opened.

GLASGOW EVENING NEWS:—"Accused admitted committing a breach of the POLICE."

EAST LONDON ADVERTISER:—"Bed by night, settee by day, folds up like a CARROT."

YORKSHIRE POST:—"Sub-Dean Jeudwine refixed the head of the DEAN."

EXPRESS AND ECHO:—"Amongst others present were a CUT-GLASS SALAD 'OWL."

HAMILTON ADVERTISER:—"The memorial, consisting of a bronze and oak PLAGUE."

BIRMINGHAM WEEKLY POST:—"In each case the house was EXTINGUISHED by its name."

LEAFLET (J. J. Moore, Redcar):—"I recommend a three months' TRAIL for all who suffer from rheumatism."

SUNDAY INDEPENDENT:—"The police say that the arrested persons are of a primitive METAL type."

SCARBOROUGH EVENING NEWS:—"If the weather is UNFAVOURABLE, they will set out to cross the Channel to-day."

DERBY EVENING TELEGRAPH:—"The flowers should be planted two or three inches deep in a rockery or GLASSY slope."

GLASGOW EVENING NEWS:—"Many of these musicians were of great natural gifts, and these they allied to a constant striving to improve their TONS and technique."

OXFORD MAIL:—"Oxford PAIR win cox-swainless FOURS."

EDINBURGH EVENING NEWS:—"An engineer said that the LIFE was of the automatic type."

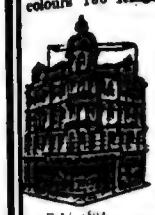
DAILY EXPRESS:—"The SIXTEEN players include ten first-class batsmen and eight first-class bowlers."

WESTERN EVENING HERALD:—"—— was dressed in a white printed frock and closely fitting blue hat with a white HAND."

YOURS—for £1 DOWN

Buy your Ring Direct from the Maker

You save money and can sell back to us at any time at 10% less the price you pay. We send the Ring you select on 14 days' free approval, and return your money in full if you are not satisfied. If you desire to keep it, we undertake to buy the Ring back from you at any time less 10%, according to the conditions mentioned in "The Ring Book." Send for "The Ring Book." It illustrates in colours 180 Rings, showing all their natural sparkle & beauty. You can pay from £1 down & the balance by monthly pay-ments.



Write to-day for "The Ring Book" and use card.

THE NORTHERN COLLIERIES CO.
The Ring Shop for the World.
84, Goldsmiths Hall, Newcastle-upon-Tyne.

SET YOUR OWN HAIR

Pull the Butywave Wavesetter down over your hair. Release slowly, and the waves are gathered up between the bands. Tie the ends loosely under the chin. Your waves are perfectly set in a few minutes. No metal parts. Nothing to dig in the head.

5/- complete.

BUTYWAVE WAVESETTER

See it at Boots, Taylors', Timothy White's and all good chemists and hairdressers. Post free from The Butywave Co., 5, Rampayne St., London, S.W.1

"John Bull" Guarantee

EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee.

All goods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test which have been approved by our experts are marked—

In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.

Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona-fides of all advertisements in "John Bull." Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull" and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED,
Proprietors of "John Bull."

URIC ACID TROUBLES

For all uric acid troubles, including Rheumatic Gout, Rheumatoid Arthritis, Swollen Joint, and Acute Gout, a world-famed remedy is found in the **"Shadforth" Three-fold Treatment (No. 74/T.).** It promptly reduces swelling and inflammation; it reduces pain and expels uric acid; it kills bacteria in the blood and makes movement a pleasure. The treatment is second to none for Acute Gout. Supplied with full directions at 2/6 and 5/6.

Privately packed and post free at these prices from

Shadforth Prescription Service, Ltd.,
(Dept. J.B), 49, KING WILLIAM STREET, LONDON BRIDGE, E.C.4.

GASTRIC STOMACH

PROMPT RELIEF!

Mrs. Sunderland, 9, St. Luke's St., Claremount, Halifax, writes:—"I have suffered with GASTRIC STOMACH for about 2 years, and have tried all kinds of medicines, but none of them did me any good. A friend asked me to try Vitadatio and I can honestly say it has worked wonders on me, and I feel better than I have done for many months."

If you are a sufferer—Get a Bottle To-day!

Vitadatio

Invaluable for Blood Troubles, Liver, Kidney and Internal Ailments. Sold by Boots, Taylors' Timothy Whites, and most Chemists and Stores, 2/- and 5/- per bottle, or per post 6d. extra in Gt. Britain only. Special 21/- bottles, containing 3 weeks' supply, for Export only, post free from *VITADATIO, No. 121, ARMLEY, LEEDS.*

SEND FOR FREE BOOK OF TESTIMONIALS

BRAIN SPARKLERS

Are MAGIC PELLETS that

MAKE work a pleasure. —*GET* you that well-paid job.
HOLD that well-paid job. —*CURE* mental depression.
REVIVE your interest in life. —*RELIEVE* the strain on the brain.

FOR BRAIN WORKERS

Brain Sparklers dispel Absentmindedness, Debility, Depression, Brain Fag, Loss of Memory, Despondency, Fear of Failure, Frowns, Irritability, Lassitude, Neurasthenia, Palpitation, Run-down

SHADFORTH BRAND BRAIN SPARKLERS

The Wonderful Brain Tonic Tablets—make you brighter in an hour and a new man in 2 days.

Prices: 1/9 (25), 3/3 (50), 6/- (100).

A MEDICINE FOR THE MIND

Conditions, Sleepiness, Weakness. Send for the Prescription No. 476.

A proved Remedy for Authors, Editors, Journalists, Lecturers, Politicians, Preachers, Teachers, &c.

NO MORE DISTURBED NIGHTS

Liver, Kidney and Bladder Troubles, such as Cystitis, Prostatitis, Stricture, Incontinence, Constipation, Gall Stones, with associated Gout, Rheumatism, Sciatica, Backache, Gravel, Scalding and constant getting up nights are quickly relieved by the bloodless surgery of the **Shadforth "Bladder Comforter" (No. 285).** Immediately, all day and all night, painlessly, secretly, and without the loss of one drop of blood or one hour of employment, they get to work. They cleanse, cool and heal. They move what is harmful. You are restored. Don't worry. Shadforth will give you prompt relief. Price: 2/6 (50), 4/6 (100), 13/- (300).

BLOOD PRESSURE LOWERED

REJUVENATE *YOUR* ARTERIES, STRENGTHEN *YOUR* HEART, *COME OFF* THE DANGER LIST.

Blood Pressure Breakdowns are absolutely unnecessary and Arterio-Sclerosis is curable. Steady heart action co-ordinated with youth-like elastic arteries are now possible for those past their prime. The "Shadforth" Simple Home Treatment for Arterio-Sclerosis rapidly reduces high blood pressure and tension. It gives prompt relief from palpitation, giddiness, premonitions of collapse, and sleeplessness; it leads to permanent restoration and makes you 20 years younger within 20 days. **Get it now. Prescription No. 1168, T.** Prices: 2/6, 5/6, 15/6.

COLD IN THE NOSE OR HEAD

CATARRH, BRONCHIAL COUGH, AND INFLUENZA.

Catarrh is often the first stage of Bronchitis, Cold on the Chest, Pneumonia, Chronic Winter Cough, Tonsilitis, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, Ear, Chest and Lung Diseases. The **Shadforth Triplex Catarrh Treatment (No. 331 T)** acts like a charm. Considering its efficacy and how often it will save a man being off work for days and weeks, the cost of this world-famed and reliable remedy is very small. Price: 2/9, 4/6, 8/6 and 13/-.

Privately packed and post free at these prices from

Shadforth Prescription Service Ltd. (Dispensing Chemists,)

(Dept. J.B. 112), 49, KING WILLIAM STREET, LONDON BRIDGE, E.C.4.

Branches: 168, High Street, Walthamstow, E.17. 409, Barking Road, East Ham, E.6. 63, Grove Road, Bow, E.3, etc., etc. Boots, Taylors, Timothy Whites, and all the best chemists stock, or gladly obtain to order at short notice if requested to do so.

A Perfect SHAVE WITHOUT A RAZOR!

SNOW, the most marvellous discovery of modern science, makes razors unnecessary. It will give you the closest, smoothest, safest shave of all. Bristly chins, sore chins, cuts and gashes are now things of the past. A SNOW shave lasts longer than any razor-shave.

SNOW is a scientific, quick-working preparation which removes the hair, leaving the chin soft and completely clean. It "breaks off" the hair at its softest point where it comes out of the pores, thus ensuring the amazingly close shave. SNOW is **absolutely harmless.** It cannot possibly even affect the most sensitive of skins.

SNOW is applied quickly and easily. Remove it and your beard goes with it. You will find your face smoother than it has ever been since you were a boy. If your skin is tender and every shave means torture—or if you have a hard beard, SNOW will prove a god-send. We guarantee your satisfaction.

It is used regularly in thousands of homes. It has been analysed and tested under the most scrupulous, scientific conditions.

SNOW has secured the enthusiastic approval of the medical profession including a Professor of a world-famous University.

Simply apply SNOW

BRITANNIA LABORATORIES, 13 LITTLE TITCHFIELD STREET, LONDON, W.1

POST TO-DAY

To Britannia Laboratories, Dept. J.B.2, 13 Little Titchfield Street, London, W.1.

Please send me post free, in accordance with your offer guaranteeing full satisfaction—

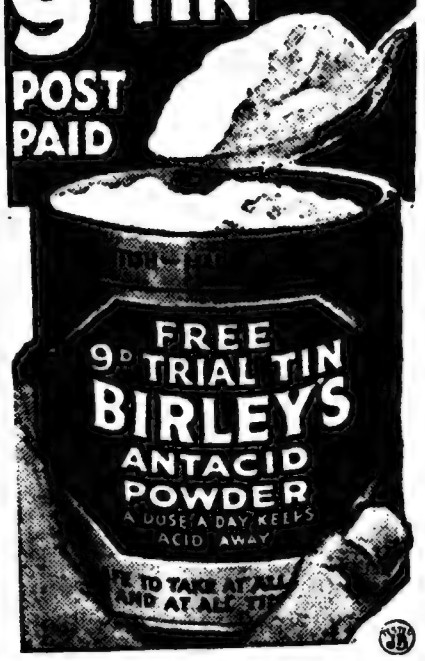
A LARGE BOX OF SNOW with spatula and special fibre brush for 3s. (this means less than 1d. per shave inclusive. Please cross P.O. If ordered by C.O.D. plus C.O.D. charges.)

NAME.....

ADDRESS .....

FREE 9D TIN

POST PAID



EXACT SIZE OF FREE 9d. TIN

WE OFFER TO GIVE YOU YOUR FIRST TIN

Birley's is so astoundingly good that we ask you to try it AT OUR EXPENSE. All you need do is to send coupon in ½d. stamped unsealed envelope. We send 9d. tin free and post paid (it is put up for Free Trial only and is not for Sale). It contains more than enough to prove it is the WORLD'S BEST remedy for Indigestion and its kindred ailments. Birley's is tasteless and harmless.

THE PROVED REMEDY FOR INDIGESTION

ACID STOMACH FLATULENCE HEARTBURN BILIOUSNESS PALPITATION GASTRITIS

OF ALL CHEMISTS, 1/3, 3/-, 5/- TINS.

COUPON No. 77

To BIRLEY'S ANTACID LTD.
16, Northdown St. King's Cross, London, N.1

I have not previously tried Birley's Antacid Powder so send me FREE 9d. Tin Post Paid.

Signature.....
(Mr., Mrs. or Miss)

Address .....

Use unsealed envelope with ½d. stamp. Encloses nothing else or postage will be more. *Please write clearly.*

QUACKS TAKE YOUR MONEY AND LEAVE THE DISEASE

It is most dangerous to be treated by Quacks, Herbalists, and others who, although they may call themselves doctors, hold no recognised medical degrees. It was made illegal for them to treat Venereal infection, because they cannot cure it, although they may clear away symptoms.

It takes years of special training before a fully qualified doctor is skilled in the treatment of Venereal Disease; how, then, can a Herbalist cure, when he has had no medical training at all?

Those, therefore, who are anxious about their condition should go at once to a proper doctor, or the nearest Free Treatment centre, and seek advice.

Full information, free (in plain cover), can be had from the Medical Secretary, British Social Hygiene Council, Carteret Street, Westminster, S.W.1.

Six useful booklets for Parents, 1/4 the set. Four useful booklets for Girls, 8d. the set. Six useful booklets for Young Men, 1/3 the set. All in plain cover. Postage paid in the United Kingdom.

Mention JOHN BULL when writing.

TIZ for TENDER FEET

Reduced! NOW 10½D NEW SIZE SIXPENCE

Don't let aching, tired, tender feet spoil your pleasure—a 'Tiz' foot-bath will give you instant relief. 'Tiz' draws out all ache and pain, ends burning, reduces swelling and braces up the tissues so that they feel fresh and healthy again. You'll forget you ever had foot torture once you've used 'Tiz.'

Obtainable from all Chemists & Stores.

HOW HOSPITALS CURE STOMACH TROUBLES

FOR the last 18 months or so all the leading hospitals have been using what is known as the Maclean formula for all sorts of stomach troubles. Doctors everywhere have reported astonishing cures even of Gastric and Duodenal Ulcers.

Now you can get the original formula yourself at any chemist ready for your own use by simply asking for Maclean Brand Stomach Powder. Now if you know the agony of stomach trouble, wind, acid stomach, pains after eating, ulceration, you can get instant relief, free yourself from future danger, rid your life of discomfort and distress.

But be sure you get the genuine article under the exact name, Maclean Brand Stomach Powder. If your chemist is out of stock, send 2/- direct to Macleans, Ltd., Gt. West Road, Brentford, Middlesex. Special Note: To get the genuine Maclean Brand Powder see the signature "ALEX C. MACLEAN." It is not sold loose and is only obtainable in 2/- and 1/3 cartons, the former containing double the quantity at 6d. less than double the price. Also family size 5/-, and packed in tablet form for convenience in travelling, etc.

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THE BIG TWO

COMPLETE Football ANNUAL SEASON 1932-3

If you want to know what Gladstone said in 1066, this Annual will not tell you, but it does give a vast amount of useful information about football.

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LEAGUE FIXTURES week by week with the last three years' results alongside.
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128 pages of valuable information to enable football enthusiasts to study the form and peculiarities of the English and Scottish League Clubs—all arranged for quick and easy reference.

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Please send FREE copy of the "Big Two" Annual

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When I was "HAD"

THE child plunged into the water with confidence, but did not rise to the surface.

I dived again and again, until finally, exhausted, I ceased operations—and there behind a rock stood the little "hoaxer." I had been "well had."

As in the case of the boy who cried "Wolf," there was a sad ending. Three days later my brother's bruised little body was washed high and dry on the rocks. I had refused to be taken in a second time—with tragic results.—*"Bernard Kay," Allerton.*

Wife's Rival

My husband talks in his sleep. One night he said: "All right, Jess; I'll meet you outside the Alhambra at 7.30 on Friday and we'll make a night of it."

Being of a jealous temperament, I resolved to be present at the meeting. Who was this woman who was meeting my husband secretly?

I said nothing to my husband, but at 7.30 on the following Friday I put in an appearance at the rendezvous—and saw my husband meet a man friend.

I had overlooked the fact that "Jesse" is a man's name.—*"Jealous," London.*

Six Grinners

When a young man, I once got into communication with a young woman through a correspondence club.

Several letters passed between us, and eventually we agreed to meet in her home town.

I was to wear a sprig of white heather in my buttonhole, and she was to be waiting on the platform, wearing a similar decoration.

I duly arrived, but, instead of a young woman, I saw six grinning young men—each with a sprig of white heather in his buttonhole, and all evidently enjoying my disappointment.—*J. M., Ulster.*

Coppers

I was "had" one day when a street musician came up to the booking window and asked if I required any coppers. On answering in the negative, he departed.

Some time later he reappeared. I said: "I have already told you I do not require any coppers."

It was now his turn. "A third single to Edinburgh." I said. "3s. 8d.," and he then counted out the necessary cash, all in coppers which I had to accept.—*J. N., Scotstown.*

The Sideline

"That'll shift it," I said, as I threw the ball at the cocoanut. It didn't. Instead, a howl of pain came from behind the back-cloth, and a woman limped to the front.

"Ain't your fault, sir, but she'd better go to the hospital. Will you pay her tram-fare, sir?" Glad to be out of it, I handed her a shilling.

That same night I heard another man say: "I missed the nut, but hit the fellow's wife; so I gave her her fare to go to the hospital."

Without doubt, the injuries were a profitable side-line.—*R. H., Durham.*

Unconverted

I was working (as an electrician) in a roof, under the hot slates, when an old woman appeared.

"Young man," she said, "do you drink beer?"

"Yes, madam," I replied quickly, as the thought of a cool drink flashed into my mind.

"Well, then," she said, "you shouldn't. Do you know——." Then I got a lecture on the evil of intemperance and the virtue of total abstinence.

She left me gasping in more ways than one, but not converted.—*E. W., Sutton.*

Paying Guest

She sat opposite me in the writing-room of a large stores. Our pens met in the inkpot. She smiled, spoke, and finally invited me to be her guest for lunch at a swagger hotel. I demurred. She insisted.

Telling me what to order, she retired to "tidy herself."

When paying-up time arrived her purse was missing. The waiter was unsympathetic, and said that as I had ordered I must pay. The amount was staggering—to me.

She wrote down my address and promised to refund next day. That was two years ago.—*"Never Again," Essex.*

"Only an Alsatian"—and he seems to enjoy the joke, too

The Wolf

TOM, a school chum of mine, once rushed up to me with the news that a ferocious wolf had escaped from the circus and was roaming about the village.

Later that day I caught sight of the beast placidly trotting over the bridge. Immediately I dashed off to find our policeman.

He was very sceptical, but finally agreed to come and see for himself. When I excitedly pointed out the animal, the constable just roared with laughter.

The animal was only an Alsatian dog that a visitor had brought into the village—and Tom knew that I'd never seen one before!—T. D., Berks.

Fog Dust

I had just left school, and commenced work at an engineering firm. One morning my colleague sent me after some fog dust.

Thinking this was a new chemical which I had not heard of, I toured the works, but my efforts were in vain.

The various men whom I asked had evidently heard this joke before, as they sent me from one shop to another.

Returning to my work, I found the employees roaring with laughter. I was chaffed for some time afterwards, but I have "had" others since.—*A. Reynolds, Suffolk.*

OUR LETTER PARLIAMENT

Moonstruck

My platoon was on guard at a lonely outpost, and instructions were given to report any strange happenings at sea.

Without warning, a light appeared at sea, and I reported to the corporal, who informed the sergeant. The lieutenant, noticing commotion, enquired the cause, and instructions were given to the signaller to inform headquarters.

The anti-aircraft man was put on the look-out, and he immediately informed us that it was the point of the crescent of the new moon.

I realised when the taunt came, "Who reported the moon?"—*"Welsh Fusilier," Leeds.*

* * *

After playing the piano in a pub. to three men, and condescendingly explaining the meaning of musical technique, we subsequently exchanged cards. One of the men was a Mus.Doc. and the other two Mus.Bac. and L.R.A.M. respectively.—*Fred Follows, Gorton.*

I saw an advertisement, "Win money on horses. Send postal-order half-crown." Some days later a letter arrived saying "Back the winners."—*M. Anderson, Paisley.*

A friend of mine gave me two tiny chicks, laughingly saying, "You will soon have an egg for every breakfast now." They turned out to be cockerels.—*M. M., Kent.*

An advertisement, "I can make you inches taller," looked encouraging. So I sent a postal order and waited. I was inches taller when I stood on the block of wood that was sent.—*A. C. B., Polmont.*

ORIGINAL letters upon the subject below not exceeding 100 words, are invited. 10s. will be paid for each letter published. Envelopes, marked "Letter Parliament," must reach us by first post on Tuesday, September 13.

When I Was "Up Against It"

Football Forecasts for September 10—by Our Expert

A Great Kick-Off!

Our Expert has commenced the football season in great style: Last week his six coded selections were all forecast correctly.

FIRST DIVISION.

(1) CHELSEA v. Sheffield U.
*(2) PORTSMOUTH v. Wolverhampton.
(3) BIRMINGHAM v. Blackpool.
(4) BOLTON v. Middlesbrough.
(5) Leeds v. HUDDERSFIELD.
(6) Leicester v. Newcastle.
(7) Liverpool v. VILLA.
(8) Manchester C. v. ARSENAL.
**(9) WEDNESDAY v. Blackburn.
(10) Sunderland v. EVERTON.
**(11) W.B. ALBION v. Derby.

SECOND DIVISION.

(1) Oldham v. Charlton.
**(2) SWANSEA v. Chesterfield.
(3) BRADFORD C. v. Bradford.
(4) Burnley v. Plymouth.
(5) GRIMSBY v. Stoke.
*(6) MILLWALL v. Lincoln.
(7) NOTTS COUNTY v. Fulham.
(8) Port Vale v. West Ham.
*(9) PRESTON v. Notts Forest.
(10) SOUTHAMPTON v. Bury.
*(11) HOTSPUR v. Manchester U.

SOUTHERN SECTION.

(1) EXETER v. Brentford.
(2) Q.P. RANGERS v. C. Palace.
(3) ALDERSHOT v. Gillingham.
*(4) BOSCOMBE v. Northampton.
**(5) BRIGHTON v. Cardiff.
(6) BRISTOL R. v. Watford.
(7) Luton v. Coventry.
(8) NEWPORT v. Bristol C.
(9) Norwich v. READING.
(10) Swindon v. CLAPTON ORIENT.
(11) TORQUAY v. Southend.

NORTHERN SECTION.

(1) Rochdale v. Crewe.
**(2) TRANMERE v. New Brighton.
(3) WREXHAM v. Halifax.
(4) ACCRINGTON v. Chester.
(5) Darlington v. Doncaster.
(6) GATESHEAD v. Barnsley.
(7) MANSFIELD v. Carlisle.
(8) ROTHERHAM v. Barrow.
(9) SOUTHPORT v. York.
(10) Stockport v. HULL.
(11) WALSALL v. Hartlepools.

SCOTTISH LEAGUE.

(1) E. Stirling v. ST. JOHNSTONE.
(2) ST. MIRREN v. Kilmarnock.
(3) AIRDRIE v. Falkirk.
(4) Ayr United v. Morton.
(5) CELTIC v. Rangers.
(6) COWDENBEATH v. Hearts.
(7) Dundee v. Aberdeen.
*(8) MOTHERWELL v. Hamilton.
**(9) PARTICK v. Clyde.
*(10) THIRD LANARK v. Queen's Park.

FIVE-STAR CODE

As injuries to players and consequent alterations in teams may affect the chances of different clubs, we shall publish last-minute JOHN BULL selections in code in the *Daily Herald* and *Sporting Life* each Friday morning.

Division and number will be quoted as above, together with *H* for home and *A* for away team.

Example Code.—Div. I.—11 (*H*); Div. II.—2 (*H*); Southern Section—10 (*A*); Northern Section—2 (*H*); Scottish League—9 (*H*) would indicate West Bromwich Albion, Swansea, Clapton Orient, Tranmere and Partick.

The Health Dispenser of WALTHAMSTOW!

Expert Chemist's Magnificent Tribute to

Dr. Cassell Tablets

Brand

"THE MOST SUCCESSFUL OF GENERAL HEALTH TONICS."

Secret of Numerous Cases of Health Restoration Revealed.

FROM his up-to-date and bright shop in Wood Street, Walthamstow, Mr. J. B. Reynolds (M.P.S.), a clever chemist, is daily distributing health and strength to sufferers in his neighbourhood. He is one of the most successful Chemists in the district. An expert dispenser of medicines, he gives the finest possible health advice to all who ask for it. And one remedy he recommends thoroughly and consistently—the World-famous Dr. Cassell Brand Tablets!

So many have been the stories of Newfound Health recently emanating from Walthamstow, that yesterday I called upon Mr. Reynolds. He was busy, but spared a little time for me.

"The demand for Dr. Cassell Tablets," he said, **"is rapidly growing. And no wonder—they are certainly, from my experience, the most successful of general health tonics. I always recommend them to all who come to me in search of health."**

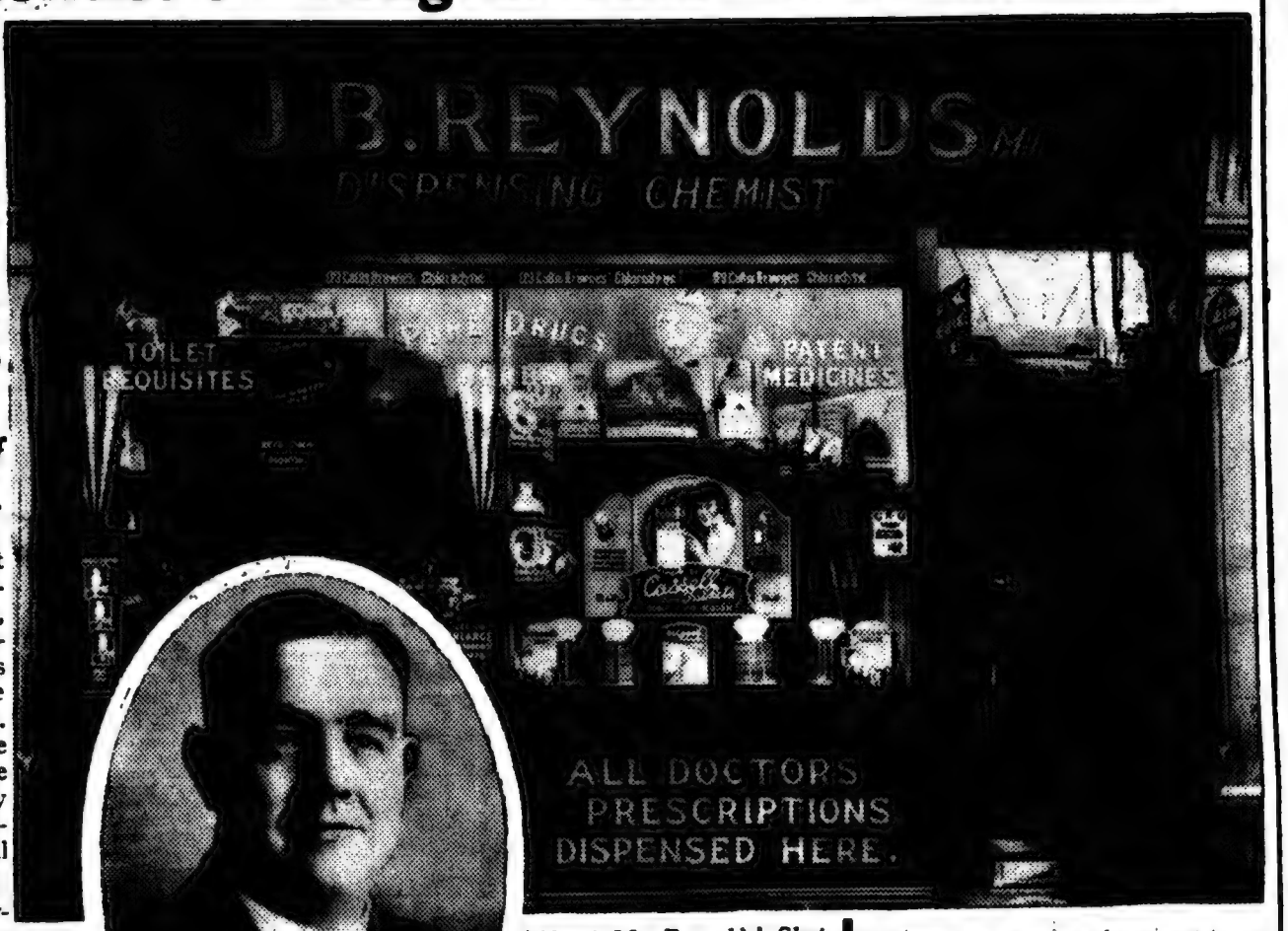
I asked him about the numerous cases of health restoration, and he replied:—

"Undoubtedly the recent increased demand for Dr. Cassell Tablets is the reason why so many more people in the district are finding new Health. In fact, if I told you just a few of the wonderfully enthusiastic reports I have had only to-day you would be amazed."

"Do you find that everybody benefits by taking them?" I asked.

"Practically without exception" he answered. **"And as a matter of fact I take them myself so can speak from actual personal experience. I have been very successful in business here. And this success has not been achieved without a struggle. There is no doubt that a great factor in my success has been the good health I have always maintained through taking Dr. Cassell Tablets."**

"As a Chemist, continually dispensing and purveying medicines, I have a unique opportunity for studying the results of various tonics. I can recommend Dr. Cassell Tablets confidently and wholeheartedly to all men and women in poor health who need a good general tonic."



(Above) Mr. Reynolds' Shop—the Health centre of Walthamstow.—(Left) Mr. Reynolds himself—the Health Dispenser of Walthamstow.

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT
Walthamstow.

Jovial Mrs. Hartley.

60 Years of Age and Full of Vim!

Jovial Mrs. Hartley is one of Mr. Reynolds' customers. 60 years of age, she smiles at life with genuine pleasure and is one the healthiest, happiest women imaginable. She came to Mr. Reynolds' shop in despair, having suffered a severe Nervous Breakdown.

"I was enduring the most awful suffering at the time," she told me.

"My health seemed absolutely ruined. The Physical Pains and upsets such as indigestion, Loss of Sleep, Lack of Energy, etc., were bad enough—but my mental sufferings were far worse.

"In despair I went to Mr. Reynolds and he immediately advised me to try Dr. Cassell Tablets. "The effect was absolutely amazing. In next to no time I was well."

SPECIAL NOTE.
Secure from your Chemist a 1/3 Bottle at once. If you are not entirely satisfied with your improved health, this amount will be instantly refunded by the Veno Drug Co., Ltd., Manchester, on receipt of empty carton.
All Chemists,
1/3 & 3/-

"GIVE ME SOMETHING TO HELP ME CARRY ON!"

DRAMATIC REQUEST which led to RENEWED HEALTH!

Arriving at Mr. Reynolds' shop in a state bordering on collapse, recommended by him to take Dr. Cassell Tablets, and a fortnight later walking in to say he was well!

That is the wonderful story of Mr. Byron.

"Working as I do, 13 hours a day," said Mr. Byron, "I know what it is to feel played out. My job is a nerve-wrecking one and requires considerable physical effort.

"My health 'cracked up' under the strain and my nerves went all to pieces. I suffered pains without end and rapidly drew near to complete breakdown.

"One night, almost reeling from sheer weakness, I went into Mr. Reynolds' shop just as he was closing.

"Mr. Reynolds," I implored. "For goodness sake give me something to help me carry on!"

"And he recommended Dr. Cassell Tablets?" I broke in.

"Yes," answered Mr. Byron, "and I took his advice.

"A fortnight later I was able to walk into his shop better in health than I had been for years."

Mr. BYRON

For Neuralgia Backache Irritability

For Nerves Pains Insomnia

For Debility Indigestion Anæmia

For Headaches Weakness Breakdown

Dr. Cassell Tablets

Brand

SOLVE JOHN BULL'S X-WORD and WIN AN INCOME FOR LIFE!

30/- A WEEK FOR LIFE

and

£30 CHEQUE YEARLY ON YOUR BIRTHDAY

HUGE 2-IN-1 PRIZE OR ONE LUMP SUM OF £750

FINE SUM OF £100 FOR RUNNERS-UP

£100 BETWEEN RUNNERS UP WHO SEND TWO 6D ENTRIES IN THE SAME ENVELOPE

ENORMOUS X-WORD SURPRISE COMING!

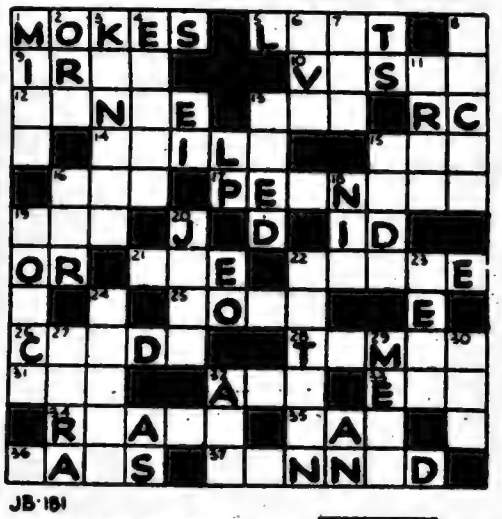
"John Bull" will pay a Life Pension of 30/- a week and a £30 Cheque yearly on your birthday (or £750 Cash) for a correct solution on one square of the puzzle below. Failing a correct solution the prize will be awarded to the reader whose entry is the nearest correct solution. An additional £100 will be divided between those competitors who enter squares containing one error only, or only one error more than the winning solution. An extra Bonus of £100 will be divided between Runners-up from whom we have received two sixpenny coupons in same envelope. Solution of puzzle will be published in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, September 22nd, and winner in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, September 29th.

THIS week you have another opportunity to secure from "John Bull" a fine Crossword Life Pension of 30s. a week, to which a fat cheque for £30 will be added on every anniversary of your Birthday!

Concentrate for a little while this evening on the amusing Clues on this page; use care and commonsense in filling up the little squares and the great 2-in-1 award may be yours.

If you want to be a winner, see that your entry is in by noon, Thursday, September 15.

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 181. CLOSING THURSDAY (NOON), SEPT. 15



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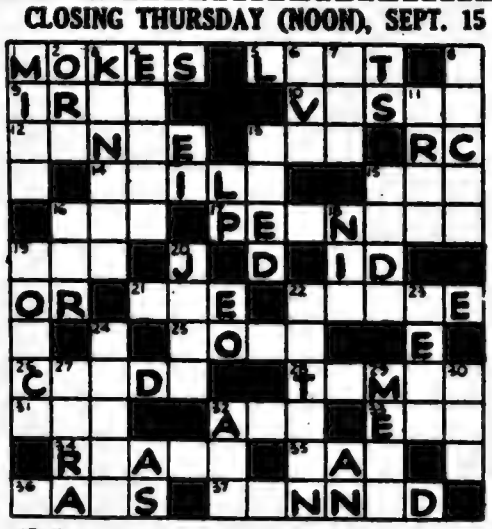

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In entering this Competition I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and

enclose P.O. value.... No.....

Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

ENTRY FEE for 2 Squares 6D.

SIGNED.....

ADDRESS.....

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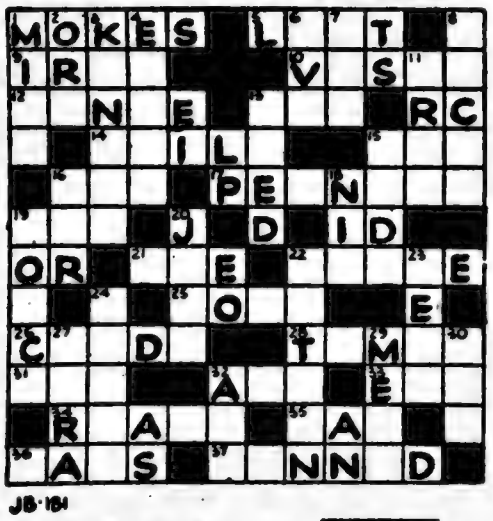
"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 181. CLOSING THURSDAY (NOON), SEPT. 15



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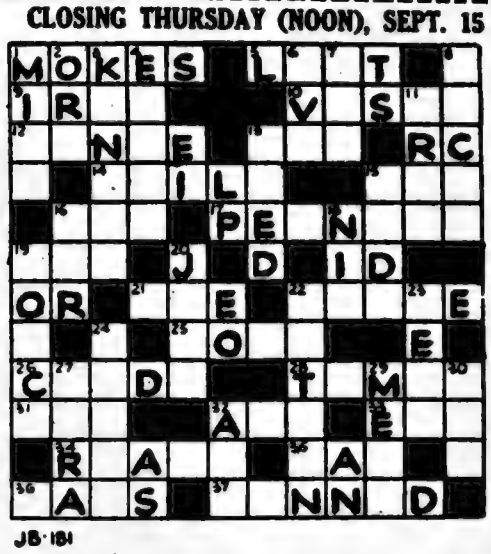


JB·181

In entering this Competition I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and

enclose P.O. value.... No.....

Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

ENTRY FEE for 4 Squares 1/-

SIGNED.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

CLUES ACROSS

1. Donkeys.
5. Opposite of right.
9. Large spring flower.
10. Wax match.
12. Ability to understand.
13. Early morning moisture.
14. Shop-windows are often dressed thus.
15. What lawyer charges.
16. Travel by aeroplane.
17. A few of these make a good show in the garden.
19. You get, in return for work.
21. Glaring one is often spotted.
22. Not accompanied.
25. Often the cause of father's worries.
26. Lumps of earth.
28. Newspaper often reviews these.
31. Where leg joins body.
32. Often puts people out of work.
33. Number of years.
34. Farmer does this, but profit's doubtful.
35. Terrier soon sniffs this.
36. Stuffing's sometimes knocked out of these.
37. When you're this, you cannot move.

CLUES DOWN

1. Grouse must be thankful for this.
2. Crude mineral.
3. Describes most monarchs' actions.
4. A brief composition.
6. Short for "evening."
7. Not many.
8. Long ones make you tired.
11. Provides shade from sun.
13. Stained another colour.
15. Name for pet dog.
16. Distant.
18. Nothing.
19. What wily poachers do to game.
20. Are found on sailing ships.
22. Towards the stern.
23. Contraction of "never."
24. Horses are sometimes this.
27 Italian coin.
29. Measure.
30. Dejection makes us this.
32. Serpent.

If entering two Double Entry Forms, cut them out separately—add name and address to each.

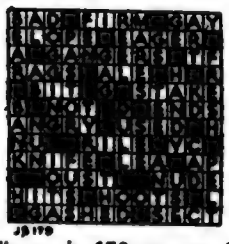
Address Entry: 'JOHN B'JILL,' CROSSWORD No. 181, 57, Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

ENTRY FEE: With two squares send P.O. for SIXPENCE. With four squares send P.O. for ONE SHILLING. See Rule 1.

NEWSAGENT'S PRIZE.

A special prize of £5 will be awarded to the Newsagent from whom this contest's first prize-winner usually purchases his copy of "John Bull." Should the first prize be shared the £5 will be divided between sharers' Newsagents.

Solution of "John Bull" X-Word No. 179



JB 179

Winners in 178 on page 25

Result of 179 will be published next week. The solution of "John Bull" X-word No. 179 is given herewith as a matter of interest to our X-word Competitors. We wish to emphasise that no claims are required for this X-word, as all entries are being carefully examined by our staff.

NO CLAIMS REQUIRED

READ THESE RULES AND CONDITIONS.

1.—Complete Puzzle in ordinary ink, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil, cut out the whole entry form whether both puzzle squares are used or not. Entry fee for two squares is SIXPENCE—for Four Squares send ONE SHILLING. Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross it "& Co."; write name and address and date of posting on back of P.O. and fill in the number under Entry Form; send Entry Form by post, as directed, to reach us not later than NOON, Thursday, September 15th, 1932.

2.—No competitor may submit more than two Double Entry Forms (four squares). Squares left incomplete, mutilated, indistinct or altered will be disqualified. No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered or mislaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—Winner of this contest will appear in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, September 22nd, 1932. Should any competitor not announced as a winner have entered a coupon eligible for a share of the First Prize he must demand a scrutiny by first post, Tuesday, October 11th, 1932, in accordance with directions given with result weekly. Any such scrutiny, which may amend the result, must be accepted as final. No scrutiny can be conducted in connection with the additional award of £100 to be divided between the Runners-up. Competitors should note that errors are computed according to the number of words which wrongly answer the Clues given.

4.—In the event of a tie, a prize will divided, but no competitor may receive more than one share of it. Should First Prize be shared, £750 cash will be paid instead of the two-in-one award.

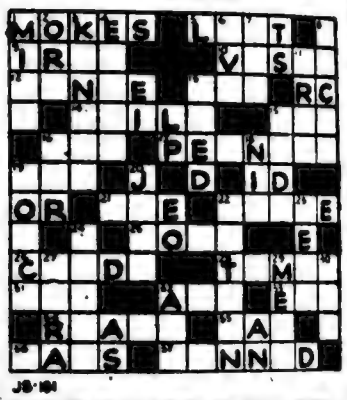
5.—Readers in Scotland are debarred from and cannot enter this competition. Any entry form bearing an address in Scotland will be disqualified.

6.—Failure to comply with any of the conditions involves disqualification.

7.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

KEEP YOUR COPIES BELOW

These miniature reproductions of this week's Puzzle are only to be used for keeping copies of your solutions.



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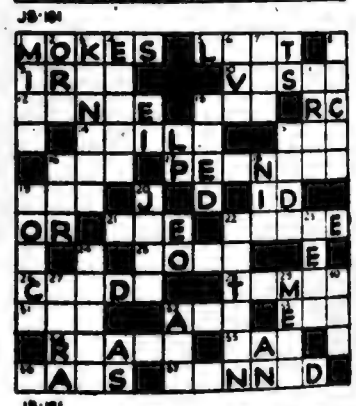

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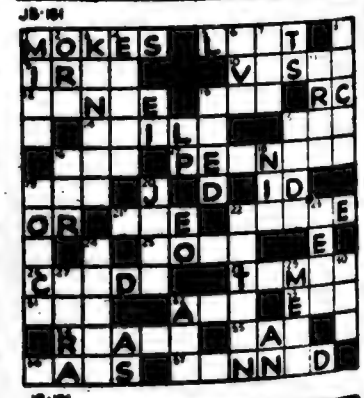

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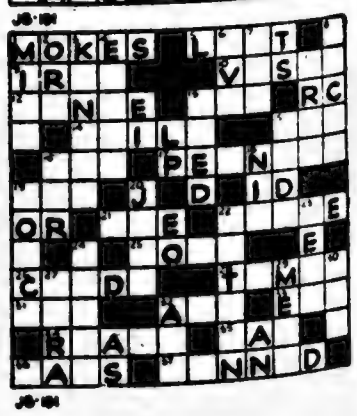


JB·181

The Editor Laughs LAST

T. W. (York).—"What had I better take on a shooting holiday?" Care.

PROHIBITIONIST (Dundee).—"I was born a teetotaller." Weren't we all?

R. T. (Sheffield).—"I spoke my mind." That wouldn't take long.

G. L. (Hull).—"I thought hard for a minute, and then I . . ." Had a nervous breakdown?

C. B. (Coventry).—"A Spanish toreador is giving up bull-fighting to get married." Well, of course, he knows best.

H. N. (Wrexham).—"Our roads are no longer safe for pedestrians." Have you just bought a car?

S. D. (Chester).—"What is meant by a haunting refrain?" One that the dance bands have done to death.

C. W. (Guildford).—"What are those people called who go chasing after mosquitoes and other insects?" Picnickers.

S. T. (Bow).—"A man is as old as he feels!" We celebrated our hundredth birthday immediately after reading your letter.

P. M. (Dulwich).—"A pedestrian has to be smart nowadays." Up to all kinds of dodges.

G. B. (Barnet).—"It now costs 10.7 per cent less to live." If you can call it living.

B. J. (London, E.).—"Postmen perform a valuable service to the community." Not when they deliver your letters.

JIM (Coventry).—"My wife understands everything I tell her." And probably a good deal of what you don't!

PETER (Vauxhall).—"What do you think of girls tinting their finger and toe nails?" That they're going to extremes.

R. R. (Hornsey).—"As I was racing for the train, several small boys cheered me." They probably thought you were training for a race.

MOTORIST (Dartford).—I sounded my horn twice and the fellow made no effort to get out of the way." He didn't care two hoots.

HOSTESS (Mayfair).—"Domestic servants should know their station." They generally know what time the next train goes, too.

A. S. P. (Morecambe).—"I have a cold or something in my head." It must be a cold.

MONTY (Ashford).—"I've invented a good ink eraser." Why didn't you try it on your letter?

H. K. (Totnes).—"No housewife should worry over trifles." She should give him tinned fruit instead.

R. C. (Hexham).—"I cannot wear my new suit because it is much too large. Isn't it aggravating?" Yes, beyond measure.

F.A. (Bath)—"Why is it that only the bride carries a bouquet?" To distinguish the modern girl from the bridegroom

Miss G. (Newcastle).—"Cosmetics are said to clog the pores and cause shortness of breath." The more you powder the more you puff.

T. B. (Plymouth).—"Archæologists are of the opinion that Stonehenge took more than a hundred years to complete." Evidently 'a Government contract.'

H. M. (Radlett).—"Do you send your shirts to the laundry?" Oh, no. We just wear them once, and then tear them up ourselves.

D. W. (Brighton).—"President Hoover has cut his own salary by 20 per cent." And his political opponents are aiming to cut the remaining 80 per cent. in the next elections.

A. Y. (Stockwell).—"A lion entered a broadcasting station in America and held up the programme for nearly two hours." That's hopeful Portland Place is not very far from the Zoo.

B. N. N. (Scarborough).—"The first thing I did when I arrived here on holiday was to go for a three-mile walk." Yet no doubt the boarding-house was advertised as "Two mins. from station."

D. B. (Manchester).—"A county cricket match was recently broadcast." With a crawling commentary?

B. M. (Bath).—"As she entered the room I was deep in thought." So she did not recognise you?

R. B. (Walton).—"This letter comes straight from my heart." It continued its straight journey to the w.p.b.

J. C. B. (Derby).—"My wife is always worrying her head over some silly, insignificant little thing." You should try not to cause her so much anxiety.

SCHOOLMASTER (Clifton).—"Many of my old pupils have become politicians." Never mind. No doubt some of the others made good.

T. M. (Goole).—"I read that herrings are suffering from a form of influenza." Yes, but they will be cured when they reach Yarmouth.

A. L. (Margate).—"Fish can see, taste, hear and feel, but can they smell?" Well, they often do.

F. N. (Diss).—"Your sarcastic comments on my letters do not deter me." Then we shall have to try harder.

B. B. (Alloa).—"You might find something to interest you in this article." "Might" is right.

L. N. (York).—"When I read over my letter I smiled to myself." That's nothing; we laughed outright.

F. G. (Everton).—"I have never paid for a bathe in all my life." Have you been sponging as long as that?

WALTER (Ayr).—"Why you keep on rejecting my articles is beyond all understanding." So are your articles.

P. M. (Kew).—"The upkeep of a car is expensive." So is the turnover.

T. M. (Foley).—"There is an end to everything." Then you have never seen a Manx cat.

W. J. (Launceston).—"I have been voted a brick by my friends." What are you going to do with it?

JACK (York).—"I laid my fortune at her feet." And did she wonder who had dropped the coin?

W. B. Q. (Selsey).—"I have little doubt that this article will be accepted." We have no doubt at all.

R. M. (Stevenage).—"At last I have met someone who does appreciate my letters." A waste-paper merchant?

HUSBY (York).—"I buy my wife nine out of ten of the hats she fancies." However do you wriggle out of buying her the other one?

S. B. (Sudbury).—"There are 216 different kinds of mosquitoes in this country." We wonder which is the one that has not bitten us yet?

T. M. (Letchworth).—"My husband smokes from morning until night, although he knows it gives me a headache." See letter below.

B. M. (Letchworth).—"My wife nags from morning till night, although she knows it gives me a headache." See letter above.

T. Y. (Newcastle).—"My husband always overstates his weight—unintentionally." So do some butchers—intentionally.

T. J. C. (Oldham).—"What is the best way to enjoy a picnic?" Stay at home and laugh at the others when they return soaked with rain.

A. R. (Chiswick).—"The perfect husband always remembers his wife's birthday." And gallantly forgets which one it is.

READER (Surrey).—"I am waiting for your paper to get cold feet." It won't. Cold feet are the result of poor circulation.

C. H. F. (Colchester).—"There's one bright spot on my horizon, anyway—I'll get the old-age pension in twenty years' time!" Why wait? Be quick, enter the best *Bullet* this week and we'll send you £1,000 cash and a further £3 every Saturday for life. Use the coupons on page 35.

S. A. (Bradford).—"I intend to challenge you to a battle of wits." Then let us know when you manage to get some ammunition.

T. R. (Newmarket).—"When we caught the welsher, he begged us to let him retain ten shillings of the money." For running expenses?

A. Y. (Southend).—"A Spaniard who played the concertina for fifty hours without stopping is now in this country." He is not the first refugee we've sheltered.

H. M. (Atherstone).—"After I had refereed the match a luxurious car was placed at my disposal." Yes, some of those motor-ambulances are the last word in comfort.

(Many replies unavoidably held over)

IF you are troubled by any matter you can obtain free expert advice that will help you. A stamped and addressed envelope is all that you have to send with your query. JOHN BULL does the rest. Write to-day! The replies given on this page to facetious correspondents are for your entertainment.

3 OUT OF 4
Women use Wrong Shade of Face Powder

Experts have shown that there are four distinctly different shades of skin, each requiring a different shade of face powder. By using the exact shade best suited to their skins, 3 out of 4 women might easily increase complexion beauty 100 per cent. Poudre Tokalon is the one face powder that stays on all day or evening indoors or out, in spite of wind, rain or perspiration. The mousse of cream makes it adhere so closely and invisibly, that no one would ever dream the exquisite tint imparted is not your own natural loveliness.

FREE. By special arrangement with the manufacturers, any woman reader of this paper may now obtain a de luxe beauty outfit containing popular shades of Tokalon "Mousse of Cream" Powder so that she may test them on her own face. The outfit also contains Crème Tokalon Skinfoods for both day and night use. Send 3d. in stamps to cover cost of postage, packing, etc., to Tokalon Ltd. (Dept. 222 N), Chase Rd., London, N.W.10

more hands WANTED

to save money by rolling their owners' own cigarettes. Choose the 'baccy you like best, use AG papers, and your smokes cost far less and give more satisfaction. If you have a machine for rolling — any gadget of any kind — use AG just the same to be sure of best results.

It's the AG packet that stands the racket.

AG

CIGARETTE PAPERS

The Paper of Perfect Purity

PSORIASIS, ECZEMA, SKIN and BLOOD DISEASES.

Thousands of Patients bless the day they used the famous Tremol Treatment. Patients throughout the British Isles acclaim the wonderful merits of this great Treatment for skin complaints, the most successful Treatment known for all forms of Skin and Blood diseases.

Under this powerful Treatment chronic Eczema is conquered, stubborn Psoriasis melts away, disfiguring face eruptions vanish; itching, irritable, unsightly skin troubles are rapidly cured. Do you wish to banish your skin trouble? Then suffer no longer. This famous method of Treatment exists to help you and to cure you. No matter how long you may have suffered; no matter how many Treatments have failed to help you; no matter what you may have tried, the Tremol Treatment is here to bring about your recovery and may save you years of misery.

Think what this great opportunity means to you! Freedom from skin trouble, with all its intolerable irritation, annoyance, discomfort, and disfigurement. Do not allow yourself to go on suffering perhaps for years and years, when a cure awaits you. There are reasons why Tremol will bring you relief.

IT IS YOUR OWN TREATMENT SPECIALLY PREPARED FOR YOU.

Tremol Treatment is a real Treatment. It is not a stock remedy. It is a complete Treatment, specially prepared for your own case. It is prescribed and suited exactly to your own needs. Thirty Years' Specialised skill and knowledge is put into your Treatment. Thirty Years' Practical experience is behind the treatment of your case. Practical help and advice backs you while under the Treatment. These are some of the many reasons why the Treatment is such a grand success.

READ THESE QUESTIONS.

1. **Do you suffer from Psoriasis?**
2. **Have you Pimples or Blackheads on the face, chest or back?**
3. **Are there Eruptions or Matted Scales on the Scalp?**
4. **Is there dreadful Itchiness?**
5. **Have you Boils or Abscesses?**
6. **Is the skin red, inflamed or Eczematous?**
7. **Are the hands or feet affected?**
8. **Are there Eruptions on the Knees, Elbows, or Body?**
9. **Is there an open wound on your leg?**

If you suffer from any of these Skin Troubles Tremol Treatment is

THE RIGHT TREATMENT FOR YOU.

Thousands of cases similar to the above have been cured. This is an opportunity not to be missed. It is just what you are looking for. The means of bringing about your definite recovery. The Treatment can be carried out in your own home with complete success and without neglecting your work for a single day.

TREMOL TREATMENT—

1. **IS A GREAT HOME TREATMENT.**
2. **NEEDS NO ABSENCE FROM WORK.**
3. **IS SPECIALLY PREPARED FOR YOUR CASE.**
4. **HAS 30 YEARS' PRACTICAL EXPERIENCE AND KNOWLEDGE BEHIND IT.**
5. **TRIUMPHS WHEN OTHER TREATMENTS HAVE FAILED.**

Suffer no longer. Write to-day to **THE NATIONAL SKIN INSTITUTE, 208, GREAT CLOWES STREET, BROUGHTON, MANCHESTER,** and a valuable publication with full particulars of this most successful Treatment will be sent to you free of all charge. This publication is of the greatest interest, and if you are a Sufferer, shows how to bring about your speedy and complete recovery. POST THE COUPON below to-day for the publication, and all particulars will be sent free of charge. If you prefer to do so, call for a free consultation.

FREE COUPON. Ward 5.C

NATIONAL SKIN INSTITUTE, 208, GREAT CLOWES STREET, BROUGHTON, MANCHESTER.

Please send free of charge your valuable publication and full particulars of your Treatment for Skin Diseases.

Signed .....

Address .....

.....

National College of Health, Ltd.

Hidden PERILS *of the* HOME

A BOTTLE of petrol—a harmless and willing agent to have about the house—a good friend to the housewife.

But once let its fumes come in contact with flame and in a flash it becomes a terrible agent of destruction or even death.

Mrs. Higton, of "Scafell," Bawtry Road, Brinsworth, Rotherham, was cleaning a hat with petrol, forgetting that gas from a gas-ring was near by. The fumes ignited, and in a moment she was a mass of flames. In spite of the efforts of a neighbour who had rushed to her rescue and first-aid treatment, her injuries proved fatal.

To the widower JOHN BULL has dispatched a cheque for £100 under JOHN BULL'S Great Free Family Insurance.

Danger lurks in many unsuspected places. Cleaning cobwebs off the ceiling, hanging out clothes in the garden, hanging a picture—little domestic duties such as these have actually cost JOHN BULL readers their lives.

10 PER CENT BONUS

Remember that JOHN BULL pays a Bonus of 10 per cent. to all readers who have been registered for three months or more at the time of receiving benefit. This means, for instance, that if Fire destroyed your home and the damage to your belongings was assessed at £1,000, you would, as a registered reader, receive an additional bonus of £100.

Sign the forms now. You never know when an accident may happen.

FIRE, STORM, FLOOD, SICKNESS, ACCIDENT—"John Bull" covers you Free

CUT HERE

JOHN BULL

Hand this Coupon to your Newsagent

To (Name of Newsagent) .....

Address .....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature .....

Address .....

.....

.....Date.....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

J.B. 10/9/32

CUT HERE

Post this Coupon to

"John Bull" Registration Department, 122, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

.....
Reader's Signature.

Age.....

Address .....

.....

.....

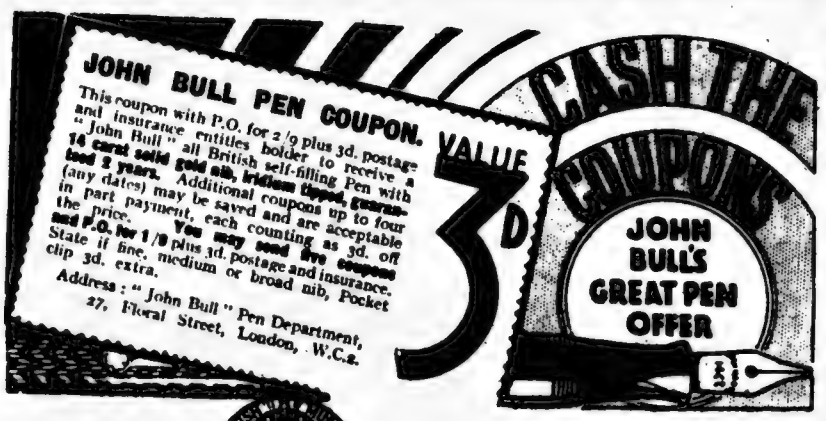
Name and Address of Newsagent .....

.....

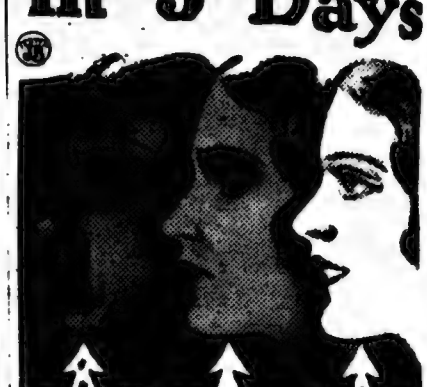
.....Date.....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return. **PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.**

J.B. 10/9/32


JOHN BULL PEN COUPON.
This coupon with P.O. for 2/9 plus 3d. postage and insurance entitles holder to receive a "John Bull" all British self-filling Pen with 14 carat solid gold nib, iridium tipped, guaranteed 2 years. Additional coupons up to four (any dates) may be saved and are acceptable in part payment, each counting as 3d. off the price. You may send five coupons and P.O. for 1/9 plus 3d. postage and insurance. State if fine, medium or broad nib, Pocket clip 3d. extra.
Address: "John Bull" Pen Department, 27, Floral Street, London, W.C.2.
VALUE 3D
CASH THE COUPONS
JOHN BULL'S GREAT PEN OFFER

New Smooth White Skin In 3 Days



Enlarged Pores and Blackheads Gone Forever!

Unsightly blackheads, pimples, blotches, rough skin scales and sallow darkened colour, have their beginning in enlarged pores—pores that become clogged with greasy dirt, which cannot be washed out. Every enlarged pore is due to skin pore irritation.

Crème Tokalon Skinfood White Colour (non-greasy) penetrates the pores instantly, soothes irritated skin-glands, dissolves out pore deep dirt and blackheads, tightens enlarged pores to normal, whitens and softens dark rough skin. By its tonic astringent and nourishing action, the driest skin is toned up and freshened. Oiliness and shiny nose are also completely banished.

Crème Tokalon Skinfood White Colour (non-greasy) now contains a marvellous new soft creamy wax, extracted from flowers, combined with predigested dairy cream and olive oil. It gives indescribable new, smooth, white skin-beauty in 3 days—such as can be obtained in no other way.

Use Crème Tokalon Skinfood White Colour every morning. White 1/- & 1/6. Rose 1/3 & 2/-

Has No Ugly Hair Now

"I had become completely discouraged by a heavy growth of disgusting hair. I tried depilatory pastes, evil smelling powders and painful electric treatments—even a razor. Shaving simply made the hair grow thicker. Then I found the NEW VEET which contains Wenlo-White. This dissolves the keratin in the hair and hair roots, thereby ending all superfluous hair troubles for ever. Since using New Veet my skin is so clean and white that no one could possibly suspect I was ever afflicted with that horrible superfluous hair."

The New White Veet (containing Wenlo-White) is guaranteed 100% pure and delightfully perfumed.

Banish your biggest enemy. Your chemist has Peter Pan Corn Caps. Ninepence cures 6 corns.
PETER PAN CORN CAPS
A. de St. Dalmas & Co., Ltd., Leicester.

SENSATIONAL 2-IN-1 PRIZE OPENS 'BULLETS' AUTUMN SEASON

£3 A WEEK FOR LIFE and £1,000 OR ONE LUMP SUM OF £2,000

OTHER PRIZES
£100 SECOND PRIZE — 10 of £5, 10 of £2-10, 500 of 2/6, £50 THIRD PRIZE — 2,000 SPECIAL RED SEAL 'TARGETS', 8,000 'TARGETS'

ADDITIONAL AWARDS 'BULLETS'
250 SEASON TICKETS
ALLOWING OVER 100 FREE ENTRIES

LAST DAYS TO WIN A PENSION AND £1,000!

NEARER and nearer comes the closing date of the colossal offer with which JOHN BULL has opened the autumn season in sensational style. A staggering two-in-one prize of a Life Pension *and* a Fortune is waiting for the sender of the best *Bullet* received.

Eight days after receiving his thrilling First Prize telegram on September 30 the winner's first £3 Pension cheque will fall into his letter-box—and every Saturday for the rest of his life another JOHN BULL payment will arrive.

With independence already assured by the other part of his prize, a £1,000 cheque, and with this extra weekly payment to look forward to, the winner's future is going to be rosy indeed.

First read through the *Examples* given and note down any ideas which come into your mind. Now condense these ideas into TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment.

Suppose, for instance, you took the *Example* DROWNING MAN; by adding the words UNLESS PEACEMAKERS "TAKE PLUNGE" you would complete a *Bullet*.

Now spend a few minutes studying the winners printed this week, then get busy on your own efforts, making sure that your entry is in by Saturday, September 17.

OVER £900 AWARDED—COMPETITION No. 861

FIRST PRIZE OF £500 AND MILLIONAIRE'S WEEK-END.

Mr. A. J. MACE, 91, Adelaide Road, Edgeley, Stockport.
Example:—SHE GLANCED ROUND AND
Bullet:—SHE'S "ENCOURAGING ME" STILL.
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

SECOND PRIZE OF £50

Mr. A. LEWIS, Red Cross, Silverton, Exeter.
Example—Worries Everybody
Bullet—Next War? To-day's Fight!

THIRD PRIZE OF £40:

Mr. A. T. PARTRIDGE, Homebeigh, Forde Park, Newton Abbot.
Example—Becoming An Art
Bullet—Making "Drawings" Cover "Board."
(Entered on "Target" Prize Coupon.)

OTHER PRIZES:

£30: O. BULL, Hall Lane, Walton-on-Naze. Down On The Beach—"Pebbles" Killing Depression's "Goliath."

£20: C. S. DAVIES, 12, Salisbury Avenue, Penarth. Becoming An Art—"Playing" On Tax-Payer's Heart-strings.

£18: J. L. PEARSON, 70, Torrisdale Street, Glasgow. Appeals To Father—Wee Man's "We Mither."

£18: N. VADE, 147, Bradford Road, Otley, Yorks. Blot On The Landscape—Pylons—So Was "Rocket."

£17: H. SAWYER, 81, Shaftesbury Road, Southport. She Glanced Round And—Look At Me Now!

£16: N. P. EVANS, c/o Blue Bell, Carrog, Corwen. Appeals To Father—Sonny's "Set"—Not Daughter's.

£15: F. A. EMMETT, 4, Morley Terrace, York. Worries Everybody—*Into* "Hole," Chancellor's "Ferret."

£14: A. SMITH, South Bridge Street, Shefford. In The Depths—Seldom "Whale" For Work.

£13: W. PLATT, 24, Kingswood Avenue, Waterloo, Lancs. Poor Stuff—Least "Rub" Produces "Tear."

£12: Miss S. A. TENNANT, 31, Colin Park Road, Colindale, N.W. She Glanced Round And—Now Radiator "Looks Sideways."

£11: C. THOMSON, 74, Stenhouse Crescent, Edinburgh. Sonny's Hero—Me, But I'm "Afraid"—. To Start With—Let's Dump Debts' Lump.

£9: G. CHRISTIE, 91, Bonaccord Street, Aberdeen. Power Of The Purse—Made Joke "Simply Priceless."

£8: Mrs. L. GORDON, 12, Cheyne Row, Chelsea, S.W. Plausible Stranger—Offers Pouch—Empties Wallet.

£7: H. HILLYARD, 50, Meldon Road, Manchester. Sonny's Hero—Would Have Worshipped Sonny. (Entered on "Target" Prize Coupon.)

£6: J. C. STREET, 11, Mill Lane, Bristol. Down On The Beach—*Father's* "Pudding" Criticised Then.

£5: Mrs. E. THOMAS, "St. John's," Park Road, Cowes, I.O.W. In The Depths—Sonny—Dropped Yo-yo Overboard.

A list of 36 £2 18s. and 366 2s. 6d. winners can be seen at these offices.

ALL WINNERS HAVE BEEN NOTIFIED.

The original cheque for £1,218 chosen by the First Prize-winner in Competition No. 858 will be displayed in the window of Mr. G. Lees, High Street, Shirley, Southampton.

USE THIS COUPON TO SECURE
FREE "BULLETINS"

Our free weekly help for would-be winners is waiting to help you into the prize-list. Make sure of a copy every Thursday by completing this coupon.

I enclose P.O. value 6d. (crossed & Co.) payable to "John Bull") to cover postage on 12 consecutive issues of *Bullets Bulletin*, commencing with next available issue.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

.....

Post to "Bulletin" Dept., Odhams Press Ltd., 79, Short's Gardens, London, W.C.2.
(Do not enclose this coupon with your "Bullets")

"EXAMPLES" FOR COMPETITION No. 864

INTERNATIONAL FOOTBALL
THANKS TO THE LEAGUE
UPSET HIS CALCULATIONS
INTERFERING FELLOW
SHE WAS SORRY WHEN
THE NIGHT WAS DARK AND
"FANCY MEETING YOU!"
DEFENCELESS WOMAN
PEEP INTO THE FUTURE
WAY THINGS HAPPEN
ALIVE AND KICKING
BIG BUSINESS
MADE HIM
DROWNING MAN
VANISHED
HIGH TIME
FORGING AHEAD
GREASY POLE
HER TROUSSEAU
SERIOUS MATTER
OFFICE MUSSOLINI
MOTHER'S JOY
FUTILE
AFTER DINNER
FIRST BLOW
WITH A THUMP
MOST MYSTERIOUS
DOWN OUR STREET
ANOTHER ROW
CLOSING
WHEN WE WAKE UP
CLEAR AS DAYLIGHT
CARES
THORN IN MY SIDE
PRESENCE OF MIND
SKILFULLY
FEELING HIS FEET
ALL SHE CAN DO
BLUFF
JOB FOR CUPID

Example
Bullet

(864) Closing SAT. Sept. 17 — P.O. No. — I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 1 Coupon, send P.O. for 6d. — Signed — Address

Example
Bullet

(864) Closing SAT. Sept. 17 — P.O. No. — I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 2 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. — Signed — Address

Example
Bullet

Example
Bullet

(864) Closing SAT. Sept. 17 — P.O. No. — I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 3 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d. — Signed — Address

Example
Bullet

Example
Bullet

(864) Closing SAT. Sept. 17 — P.O. No. — I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s. — Signed — Address

If you wish to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

Address Coupons:—"Bullets" No. 864, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

"BULLETS" RULES.—1. The First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor is the best Bullet received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges. 2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon, and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed /& Co./. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated. 3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press and their families are not eligible to compete.

HUGE FIRST NEXT WEEK AND RADIO SETS!

ALMOND OIL ZEE-KOL TOILET SOAP

Beautiful and Talented Women's Evidence that it CREATES BEAUTY AND PRESERVES BEAUTY

A revelation in transforming the worst skin in three nights into a most beautiful satiny and peach-like complexion.

Never before has a soap of this description been given to the public. It is made of the purest oils.

This is the wholesale price of the material used in most of the advertised soaps. Compare this price to Almond Oil, which is 5/6 per lb. and which is used in Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap.

PALM OIL costs 4d. per lb.

ALMOND OIL costs 5/6 per lb.

Now it is easily seen why Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap is the most expensive to make, as it is very rare to get Almond Oil in a soap at all. The price of Almond Oil will prove to everyone that there is no soap in the world so marvellous as Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap.

It has taken years to know how to blend the oils in this soap, because it is not like other soaps to-day, which are only ordinary soaps. Its oils are a marvellous tonic to the skin. No ordinary soap can do what Zee-Kol ALMOND Oil Soap does, yet it is sold everywhere to-day at half its former price—6d. instead of 1/-. Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap is a perfect Shampoo. All dandruff disappears and the hair shines with health.

1/- Large Tablet NOW 6d.

Obtainable from all Chemists and Stores or direct from

SHAVEX ZEE-KOL CO., Ltd. (Dept. S.14), 40, Blenheim Road, Upper Holloway, N.19.

Blended with the most exquisite perfumes, ALMOND OIL has been chosen for this Zee-Kol Super-Toilet Soap. It contains the purest and the most natural oil for the skin. When washing, the natural oil is replaced and the skin keeps firm, smooth and beautiful.

MADAM DU BARRY *Sketched by Tremator*

Du Barry was the mistress of Louis XVth. She was noted for her beautiful complexion and vitality. She was only a seamstress when Count Du Barry fell in love with her, and he afterwards got her to beguile Louis XVth, usurping the position of La Pompadour. Her glorious complexion — which bewitched the King—was made beautiful with similar materials to these which are used in Zee-Kol Soap to-day. Du Barry was guillotined during the French Revolution.

NO SOAP SHAVEX NO BRUSH

REVOLUTION IN SHAVING

A FEW years ago "SHAVEX" was unknown, yet it is in every part of the world to-day. Millions are now using "SHAVEX."

"SHAVEX" is the most modern and up-to-date method of shaving. What is more simple than wetting the beard with water, smearing a little "SHAVEX" lightly over the beard and then shaving! You will get the smoothest, cleanest and best shave you have ever had and your skin will feel like softest satin. No wrinkles will appear, as "SHAVEX" is a Skin Food. It will also take only a quarter of the time required with soap and brush.

The skin after being shaved with soap and brush often looks and feels sore, as the soap and brush have taken out all the natural oil and dried up the skin. "SHAVEX" gives the skin natural oils—all the creases smooth out with the use of "SHAVEX" Shavex is without doubt the most perfect method of shaving in the world. Shavex will give you the best shave you have ever had. Your face will keep young, as Shavex is a skin food. All wrinkles disappear with Shavex, as there is no soda in Shavex to dry up the skin. Your skin will feel as smooth as satin, and you will shave in a quarter the time that you would take with soap and brush.

SHAVEX is sold everywhere in 6d., 1/- & 1/6 Tubes.

Never before has shaving been made so easy, so rapid, and so pleasant. No after lotions are required. Never before have men been given the true secret of youthful looks. "SHAVEX" is a Skin Food, Skin Tonic and Skin Preserver, preventing formations of wrinkles and lines, and keeping away the ravages of time. Travellers who, when on a journey, find themselves short of water, can always get a perfect shave when carrying "SHAVEX" and look fresh. After being in sun and wind and the face is rough and sore and you have to shave, nothing is more soothing than a "SHAVEX" shave.

ALEXANDER THE GREAT AND DIOGENES THE STOIC AND PHILOSOPHER.

Alexander's admiration was so great for Diogenes the Philosopher and Stoic that before he went into battle he said, "If I were not Alexander, I would want to be Diogenes." On meeting Diogenes on the burning sands he asked if he could do anything for him. Diogenes' answer was, "Get out of the Sun." The philosophers and stoics never cared for their appearance; they always had long, flowing beards. Alexander had long, wavy hair but always shaved with vegetable oils, and was vain of his appearance. He died young of poisoning, in Babylon, 323 B.C.

WONDERFUL OFFER

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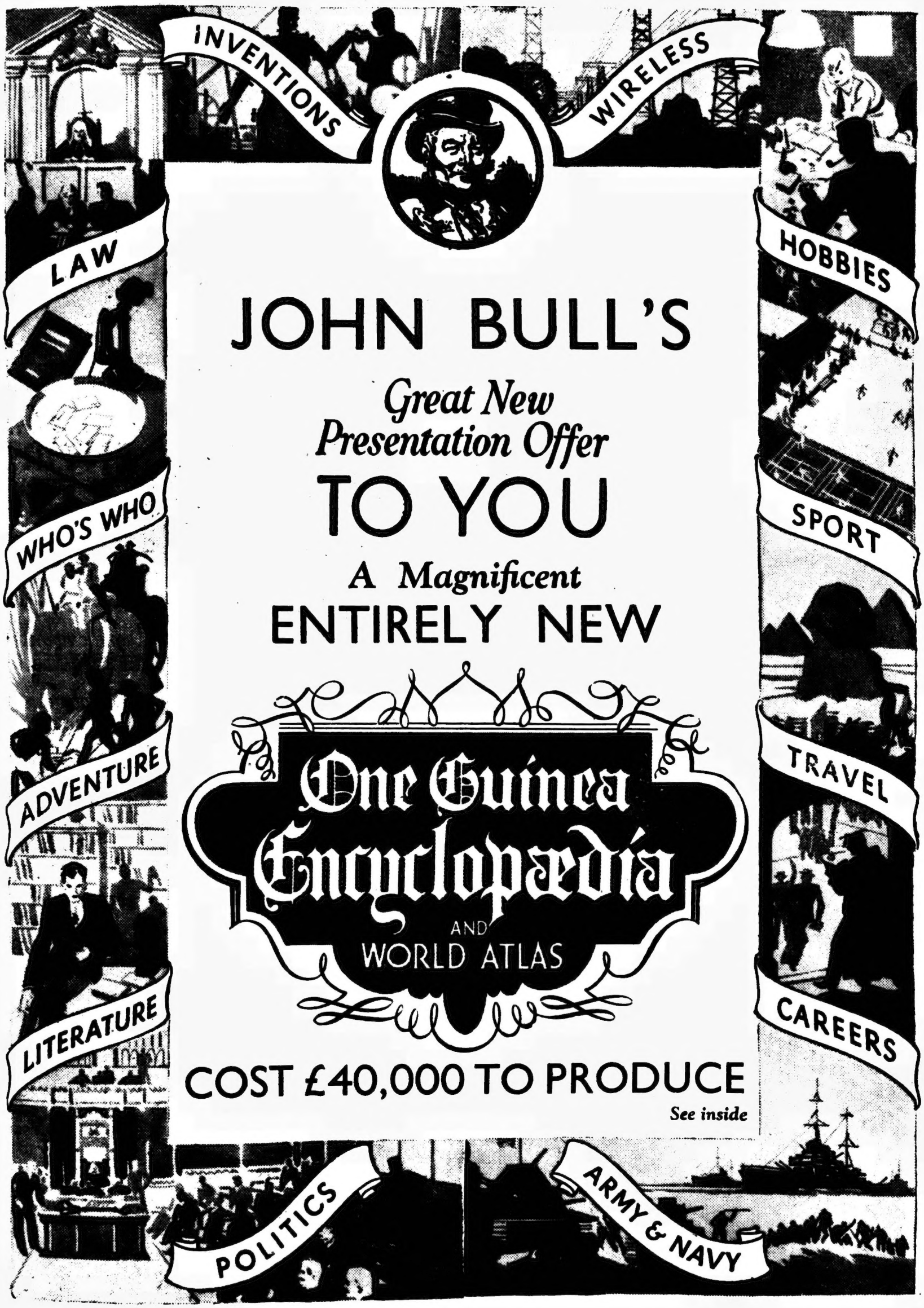

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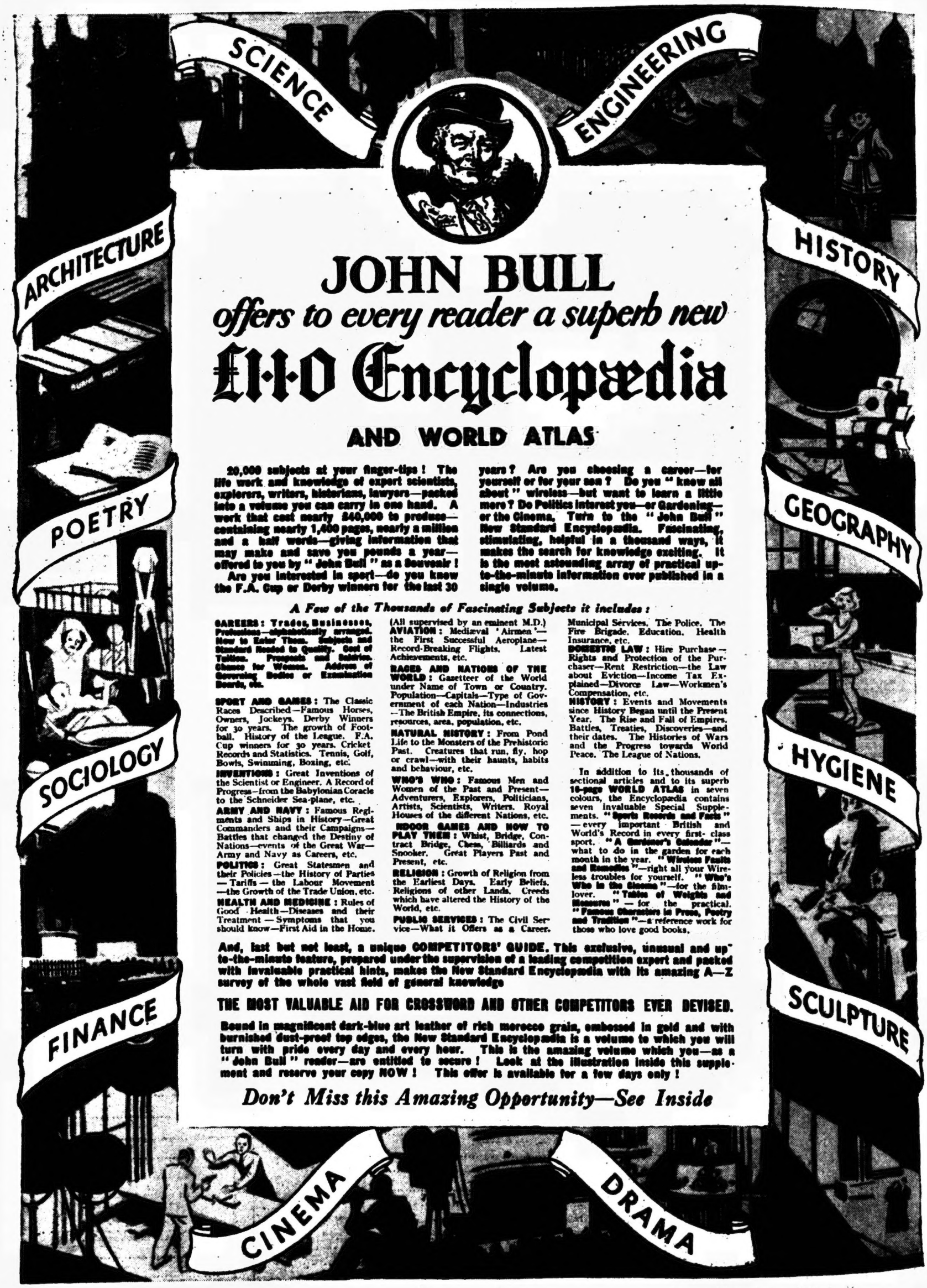

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